

OCTOBER

JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1838.

Whole No. 90

VOL. II. NO. 38.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, EVERY THURSDAY
BY J. F. GRANT,

At \$2 50 in advance, or \$8 00 at the end of the year. No subscription received for less than one year unless paid in advance; and no subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor. A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue will be considered an engagement the next.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENTS of 12 lines or less, \$1 00 for the first insertion & 50 cents for each continuance. Over 12 lines counted at two squares, over 24 as three, &c. Advertisements handed in without directions as to the number of insertions, will be published until forbidding and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

\$200 REWARD.

LOST.

LOST on Tuesday the 21st inst. on the Road leading from Dr. Quin's to Fort Armstrong in Cherokee County, Alabama, a black Calfskin Pocket Book—containing between twenty-seven and eight hundred Dollars, of which there were fifty twenty dollar bills of the Western Bank of Georgia, at Rome, balance Georgia money, together with a Certificate given to John A. White for twenty shares in the Western Bank of Georgia; no other papers recollectable. It has no doubt been found by some person near the Georgia line from the fact that on my return in search of said Book, the Blank Book which is usually attached, was found near that spot. It is possible that the book and money may have fallen into the hands of a dishonest person, who may wish to appropriate its contents to his own use. The public are requested to look out for such person, and if detected will confer a favor by giving information to the subscriber in Jefferson, Cherokee County, Alabama.

The above reward will be paid to any person who will return said money to me, or for information so that I can recover it.

Aug. 28—41. JOHN A. WHITE.

The Jacksonville Republican will please print the above four insertions and forward his account for payment:

MADISONVILLE HOTEL.

THE subscriber having located himself in the Town of Madisonville, East Tennessee, and having opened a HOUSE OF PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT in the large and commodious building lately occupied by John Norwood, dec. He desires to share a portion of public patronage, and promises to give every attention and exertion to render comfort and satisfaction to all who may frequent him with a call.

SAM'L A. MCKENZIE.

Sept. 20, 1838.—3m.

10,000 Yds. Bagging,

150 Coils Rope,
500 lbs. Twine, Just received and for sale on commission by the subscribers.

SHORTER & BANCROFT.

July 19, 1838.—4m.

DRS. FRANCIS & CLARK.

HAVING associated themselves in the Practice of Medicine, respectfully tender their services in the various branches of the profession to the citizens of Benton and the adjoining counties. Their office is on the west side of the public square, at which place they may at all times be found unless professionally absent.

Jacksonville, May 30, 1838.—4m.

R. E. W. MCADAMS.

Clock & Watch Repairer;
WOULD respectfully inform the public, that he has located permanently in the Town of Jacksonville and will be ready at all times to execute in the best manner and without delay, any work that may be left with him. His shop is on the north side of the public square, in the same room formerly occupied by Mitchell and Sawyer.

Jacksonville, September 20, 1838.—12m.

STATE OF ALABAMA, DEKALB COUNTY.

TAKEN UP and posted by Mr. Sam'l Ragan, living in Lookout valley; one SORREL MARE, black face, both hind feet white, under with a horse shoe on the left hip, with bell on, supposed to be 12 years old, with black horse colt, black face, left hind foot white, prais'd to \$50 00 before Joseph M. Jones, J.P. A. W. MAJORS, Clerk.

Sept. 20, 1838.

W. R. HINTON,

MISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
MOBILE, ALA.

ESHA, BRADFORD & CO., MISSION MERCHANTS, MOBILE, ALABAMA.

NOTICE.

persons indebted to the subscriber, by me or otherwise, are requested to come forward and settle, as it is known I never sold on credit those concerned will avail themselves of this notice; if they do not, they may expect to pay cost, and that in short order.

26, 1838.—3m.

JAMES BLACK.

STATE OF ALABAMA, BENTON COUNTY.

TAKEN up and posted by Mr. Alexander Jordan, living on Tarpin Creek, one Bay Poncy, 26 years old; some white spots on his sides, 14 hands high, slit in the left ear with the figure 8 on its right shoulder, prais'd to ten dollars. Sept. 12th, 1838.—3m.

M. M. HOUSTON, CLK.

Sept. 27, 1838.—3m.

From the Bangor Democrat.

THE LOCO FOCOS.

IS SUNG BY A PARTY OF PATRIOTIC DEMOCRATS.

Air—Billy Barlow.

(ALL SING.)

We have met here together—a brotherly band;

United in heart and united in hand;

And tho' we're surrounded by foes, there's no fear;

We shall yet win the battle, so be of good cheer;

Up, up, with our banner, and let it unfold—“NOT

SOLD!”

We will rally around it, and sing as we go—

Success to the party called Loco Foco.

(FARMERS SING.)

We're the rough hardy yeomanry, reared in old

Maine;

Our colts—the soil; our gold is the grain;

Which kind Providence sends us; and though

we've huge paws,

We are true to our God, to our country, our cause;

And we'll flock round this banner and loudly invoke—

All freedom to draw at our end of the yoke—

And blithely we'll sing, as we hoc out our row—

Success to the party called Loco Foco.

(MECHANICS SING.)

We are hardworking men—by our labor we live;

And with prudence and industry ever can thrive;

We have laid up a little—for rags—but good

gold,

That we may live happy and easy when old;

And we'll flock round this banner, and wish to remain!

With our friends of the sledge, needle, brush, awl,

and plane;

And we well can afford to push, stitch, punch, and blow;

If paid in the COIN of a Loco Foco.

(SAILORS SING.)

We have ploughed the the rough ocean in many a storm,

But as we neared home our hearts have grown warm,

And thrilled with the ecstasy patriots feel

For the land of their birth. We now look for its weal;

And so we'll stand this banner; and though we are few,

CAPTAIN FAIRFIELD can always depend on his crew;

We a e al hands on deck, and we'll sing—Yo, heave ho!

Success to the party called Loco Foco.

(LABORERS SING.)

We have heard the Whigs call us an ignorant class;

But no matter, as long as the master we pass:

We all know ONE thing—though we wear not fine coats,

They're not money enough left to purchase our votes;

So we'll flock round the banner—the peoples own flag—

And as long as winds blow so long may it wag

O'er the LABORERS' heads. We are “ragged,” we know,

But belong to the party called Loco Foco.

(ALL SING.)

Then huzza for the people! Huzza for old Maine!

She will never be caught in the limboes again!

We've a FAIR-FIELD before us—they'll surely get beat;

Though they blew their Kent Bugle for a second heat;

So we'll flock round this banner prepared for attack;

And although there be some that have wounds in the back,

There's enough left who'll stand by thro' weal and thro' woe;

And vote with the party called Loco Foco.

(From the Knickerbocker for July.)

CLIMBING THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

By the only surviving witness of that extraordinaryfeat.

I have some reason to believe that I am

the only surviving witness of that most ad-

venturous exploit of climbing the Natural

Bridge in Virginia; and, believing that

the particulars ought to be put upon record

I have selected the Knickerbocker as the me-

diunum. I have often times, and for many years, withstood repeated solicitations to do

this, for the following reasons, which I give,

lest it might be supposed, by some suspicious persons, that I had waited for the death of

the other alleged witnesses.

Immediately after the adventure had been

accomplished, and while all the circumstan-

ces were fresh in my memory, I recorded

them in a sort of journal, kept to record visi-

ters' names by poor Patrick Henry, a man of

color, who kept the Bridge. This record

referred to by Patrick, whenever a visitor

became inquisitive about the circumstances.

Some believed my statement, and others dis-

believed it: But by far the greater number

disbelieved it, as he informed me. This was

far from being pleasant, to one who had never

had his veracity doubted before. But this was not all.

I happened to be at the Bridge, some time

after the event, when a large company of

respectable looking ladies and gentlemen had

just returned from under the Bridge, and were

waiting dinner, like myself, at the

house on the summit, to which I have alluded.

The conversation among this company, natu-

rally turned upon the remarkable event, as

it does to this day; and the book was referred

to as usual, for the particulars. I imme-

diately gave Patrick the hint that I wished

to remain incog. in order that I might hear

on myself the remarks upon my testimony.

It is an old saying, that a listener never hears

any good of himself, and so it turned out on

this occasion. The company were unanimous in discrediting my testimony, ladies and all. Little did they imagine that the man himself was encircled in a corner of the same room with themselves. I forthwith determined to volunteer no more testimony about things so out of the common current of events at all events, I determined to hold my peace until the public mind should settle down into the truth, as it generally does at least.

That time seems to have arrived. The public, without exception, so far as I know, has yielded its credence to the united testimony of so many witnesses. Scarcely a periodical in the country, or a book of travels, but mentions the subject.

But there is another reason for coming forward at this time. Tradition has got the story at the wrong end. In the very last number of your Magazine, one of your contributors misrepresents the matter unintentionally no doubt, and Miss Martin, in her "Prospect of Western Travel," undertakes to detail the whole affair, scarcely one circumstance of which she does correctly. Under these circumstances, I think the discerning public will readily appreciate my true motives in coming out over my own signature; indeed, unless I were to do so, it would be useless to say anything at all.

I think it was in the summer of 1815, that James H. Piper, William Wallace, and myself, being then students at Washington College, Virginia, determined to make a jaunt to the Natural Bridge, fourteen miles off. Having obtained permission from the President, we proceeded on our way rejoicing.

When we arrived at the Bridge, nearly all of us commenced climbing up the precipitous sides, in order to immortalize our names, as usual.

We had not

terest, which, arraying itself beside the kindred interests of the farmers of the North, the bone & sinew of Democracy, has often, & will again, secure the triumph of individual and State Rights.—These are one and inseparable. The rights of the States are the rights of the people; their social and domestic rights; the rights of their firesides and their altars; not distant and theoretical, but practical in their operation touching us at every point, pervading every track and avenue and by-way of our course through life; and constituting that species of domestic government which decides the happiness and misery of the great body of the people. The tyranny of a distant oppressor is tame and inoperative in comparison with that of the petty despot at our doors, ever at hand and ever busy.

Hence the inseparable connection between the rights of the States and those of the great body of the people of every State. The former constitute a common fund in which every citizen equally partakes, and every diminution of that fund is a common loss. Thus we see how closely the interests of the State Rights men of the South are entwined with those of the Democracy of the North. Let their motto then be, *Ex Pluribus Unum.*

FEDERALISM versus GOLD.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the prejudice which the Federalists manifest for gold. It amounts to a perfect monomania. If it were not for their love of its paper representative, one might deem them as disinterested and self-denying anchorites. They exhibit as much antipathy to the precious metals as *TIMON*, the man-hater. How miserable they would have been in the *GOLDEN AGE*. They evince as much loathing for the *YELLOW DROSS* as the victim of hydrophobia does for water. They have as much dread for *AERUM POTABLE* as if they feared the fate of *CRESUS*. They could not be seduced like *DANAUS*, by a *GOLDEN* shower. *PULLIUS*' ass, laden with gold, could scarcely tempt them to treachery. They abhor the "slave of the dirty mine." They do not like to carry such an inconvenient burden. If they have an *itching palm*, it is only for liniments, which are certainly well calculated to propagate the *pleasing infection*. There is no rosin for your *Scotch fiddle*, like the favorite currency of Federalism.

But, to be serious, we assert nothing can be more insane than this stupid prejudice. For the common purposes of life, for traveling and consumptive circulation, gold is indispensable; and ours, we believe, is almost the only civilized country where it is not current. With fifty or a hundred dollars of gold in his pocket, or purse, a man may travel almost any distance, without embarrassment. To talk of its inconvenient weight, is to talk nonsense. The only inconvenience is to do without it. If it were more generally used, we should hear no more complaints about the want of an uniform currency. Nothing can be more uniform than gold. With gold a man is never placed at the mercy of brokers and shavers. It has the same value all the world over. With pieces from ten dollars down to a half, or lower, the convenience even of heavy silver change is dispensed with. You never hear persons who have lived in countries where gold enters largely into the circulation, complain of it. A man may travel all over Europe, and pass through fifty different States, yet experience, no embarrassment, with gold in his pocket, aided, for larger sums, by letters of credit, bills of exchange, drafts, &c. A man may set out from London or Paris, and travel without inconvenience to the uttermost borders of Europe with letters of credit, bought for a quarter or a half per cent, which is but a small insurance for the risk which is thus obviated of loss or robbery. Wherever he goes, he draws from his banker just enough gold for temporary use, so that he has no occasion to burden himself with an onerous quantity. What can be more convenient or perfect than this system, which is nearly as old as the hills, and which is enjoyed by all civilized nations but ours? A country without an ordinary gold circulation is, in that respect, a barbarous one. It does not profit by one of the most useful inventions of civilization. A convenient, uniform currency, is one of the most urgent wants of society, and gold alone can supply it. It is a serious objection to live even in a country where such a facility does not exist, and which, in consequence, is the prey of shavers and money-changers.

The Federalists are doing every thing in their power to disgust the people with gold, that they may supply its place by a foul deluge of liniments, their favorite currency, after the resurrection notes of Mr. Biddle, which have been lately sentenced to the penitentiary. The banks are foolish in countenancing this ridiculous prejudice. A large infusion of gold and silver into the consumptive circulation of the country would retain a considerable quantity of specie, upon which they might fall back in times of difficulty and alarm. It would afford basis to the lighter superstructure; a ballast for the paper circulation. When Mr. Pitt counseled to the issue of notes under five pounds, Mr. Burroughs, then on his death-bed, sent him a word, that he would never again see a guinea in England. This prov'd strictly true; and a worse, but equally natural consequence followed, viz: the suspension of cash payments by the Bank of England: a suspension which lasted a quarter of a century, which trebled the national debt; which altered the value of

all contracts and property; which required a financial revolution, convulsive and agonizing, such as the world never saw before, to relieve; and which has left behind it in England the copious seeds of disorganization and destruction. May we take warning by this terrible catastrophe, of which our late revolution was but a faint shadow. Let the people insist upon having and using gold for the common purposes of money. The banks are bound to give it, and we dare say will do it with pleasure. They are beginning to open their eyes to their true interests, and to feel that the people cannot be long deluded upon a question which comes home so nearly to their "business and bosoms." Resumption without the establishment of a National Bank has deprived Federalism of one of its great practical arguments in favor of that unconstitutional anti-republican institution. The common use of gold by the people will deprive it of that other argument, equally potent, founded upon the necessity of a uniform currency.—*Globe.*

HEALTH OF CHARLESTON.—Our dates from Charleston are up to Monday, the 17th inst., at which time, we regret to state, there was but little abatement of the Epidemic. For the week ending the 12th, the Board of Health report 65 deaths—41 by stranger Fever. The Charleston Observer of Saturday last, in remarking upon the "Health of the City," says:—*Greenville Mountaineer.*

"From the number of funerals on last Sabbath, it was supposed that the prevailing disease was gathering strength. But from the best information we can obtain, we are inclined to the belief that it is on the decline. This, however, may be owing more to the fact that are fewer subjects of it, than to any diminution in the causes by which it is produced."

As to the disease itself, though it is severe in its attacks, and reaches its crisis rapidly; it is still very much under the control of proper medicinal treatment. The number of deaths this year has been greater in proportion to the cases than usual. But this is to be accounted for in part from the fact, that the subjects of it have been less guarded in their habits, and in part to the want of due attention to their sleeping apartments, and of suitable nurses. The poor stranger cannot always provide himself with the comforts of a sick chamber, and is often too little known by those who would cheerfully render him assistance, to call it forth, until it is too late. Many, we believe, have died, who, humanly speaking, might have recovered, had they received proper attention at an early stage of their attack. The citizens, in general, are remarkably prompt in affording aid, where it is known to be wanted; and in the public Institutions, every attention is, we learn, paid to the sick that are carried there? We hope soon to be able to give a more favorable account of the health of the city, but a total exemption from the prevailing disease cannot be expected till the appearance of frost."

FEDERAL FALLACIES.

Nothing is so provoking to the Federal party as the fact, that exchanges are failing and the financial position of the country righting itself, without the adoption of their great nostrum, a National bank. The Federalists view the indications of returning prosperity with pain because it knocks the last remaining props from under them. They so long and earnestly maintained that resumption and exchange were impossible without a great regulator, that they had actually begun to believe it and are not a little astonished at the singular phenomenon.—Unlike *Oil Blas*, who told his master *Sangrado* that he believed their patients died purposely to bring their system into discredit, the poor Federalists seem to think that the country is recovering for no other object than to bring their system into discredit. They are thus deprived of what they call their great practical argument, which was so conclusive with shallow minds, whose only logical formula is *propter hoc ergo hoc*. Such people call all philosophical generalization, however careful or unquestionable, abstract, theoretical, and metaphysical, as Mr. Clay would say; as if knowledge could be established or increased without rising from particulars to generals, and condensing many facts into a few principles. A valid objection to theory, is not that it is a theory but an unsound one. Narrow and shallow minds invariably console themselves, when they are not able to comprehend a train of reasoning however accurate and undeniable by sneering at it as visionary and metaphysical.

Georgia Central Rail-Road.—We notice the arrival of the Shannon, with upwards of 500 tons of iron rails for this road. We understand that another cargo, of about the same quantity, is on its way and may be expected here in a few days. These parcels, with the iron now at the depot, will lay upward of eighty miles. We learn that the contractor for laying superstructure is now at work on the 47th mile of the road. In the course of ten days, passengers to Macon will be carried on the road forty miles, and cotton will be transported, on the 15th day of October from the Little Ogeechee, 46 miles from this city. The work has been going briskly during the summer, and we hope to see in the course of the ensuing month, from 1,500 to 2,000 additional laborers employed on the road.

Cooper's Home Guard Bound.

FROM TEXAS.

NEW ORLEANS, Sept. 13. The steam packet Columbia, from Galveston, arrived last night, brings us the Houston Telegraph to the 15th inst.

The elections had taken place. The Telegraph states that in Houston they were conducted in highly creditable manner, though much excitement prevailed.

Colonel Morehouse had returned from the west. He states that the Mexicans who had visited the bay of Corpus Christi, retired in a very precipitate manner, leaving about a hundred barrels of flour and the boilers and other apparatus of a steam engine, apparently new, upon the beach. The latter was probably intended for the mines in the interior of Mexico. The Lipans had all returned to the Rio Grande. Trading parties of Mexicans were almost daily arriving at Bexar from Laredo and other settlements of the Rio Grande. Trading parties of Mexicans were almost daily arriving at Bexar from Laredo and other settlements of the Rio Grande. They, however, brought but little specie, the trade consisting chiefly in the exchange of horses, sugar and flour, for tobacco and various articles of merchandise. Ammunition and fire arms of every description were freely exchanged with the Mexican traders by the citizens of Bexar. The Comanches had again broken the treaty recently made with the Mexicans, and within a few weeks past, committed many depredations in the vicinity of Presidio de Rio Grande.

A gentleman recently arrived at Houston, from the east, stated the trifling difficulties with the handful of Mexicans at Nacogdoches had entirely ceased, and complete tranquility was restored in that section. The Comanches, according to the Telegraph of the 1st, had made several attacks upon the frontier settlements, but had been defeated in every skirmish that had taken place, and it was supposed they would soon be tired of hostilities.

A company of young men had recently returned from an exploring expedition to the region near the mouth of the San Baba. They followed the course of that stream to the distance of forty miles above its junction with the Colorado. They represent the country, as among the finest they had ever seen. They found some specimens of gold and silver in the mountains, and state that the section in the neighborhood of Sandy, closely resembles the gold region of Georgia.

We learn from the captain of the Columbia, that there had been a severe storm at Galveston, which had raised the water to a greater height than it has been since the storm of October last. The wind still prevailed in the same quarter when he left, and it was feared that the island would again be flooded.

Mr. W. D. Durham, a native of Norfolk county, England, died at Houston, on the 26th August, aged 24 years. He was an amiable young gentleman, and acquired considerable distinction in the war of independence.

The Houston Telegraph had been enlarged, and is published semi weekly, which augurs well for the prosperity of the city.

The young republic appears to be in a very flourishing condition, and her troubles with her hostile neighbors, the Mexicans and Indians, fast drawing to a close. A long and glorious career no doubt awaits her.

Education.—On the subject of education we have seen nothing for a long time, which pleased us as much as the following paragraph from the Mobile Examiner. It is short but contains volumes of truth and good sense, which should be indelibly impressed upon the minds of both teachers and parents, for the education contemplated requires their united exertions to be successfully inculcated.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

"There is a great deal of talk wasted on the subject of educating the head. If such masters would consider that their pupils may be very intellectual without being very good, they would see and urge the necessity of extending their system a little farther. The proper tone of the heart has much to do with happiness and virtue; and in these, we have been taught, consists the great object of life—the chief end of man."

RHEUMATISM vs. THE BAROMETER.—There are people who fancy the weather is foretold in the Almanac: but according to my opinion, it is safer to trust a rheumatist of two or three years standing. A good well established, old fashioned rheumatist—I say nothing of young new-fangled disease like the Quaker and Varioloid and animal Magnitudes—but a good, old fashioned rheumatist, such as people used to have when I was a boy, is as certain a barometer as that which is at this moment hanging up in the coach-house here, within two fathoms of the very spot where we are standing. I once had a rheumatist that I set much store by, for it would let me know when to look out for easterly weather, quite as infallibly as any instrument I ever sailed with.

Cooper's Home Guard Bound.

We regret to learn that our fellow citizen James C. Biddle, Esq., died yesterday morning of a rapture of a blood vessel on the stomach. He was a lawyer of good standing upon which Washington's army was encamped.

He was a member of the Convention to revise the Constitution, and distinguished himself by the ability and eloquence of speech.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

Maj. Crawford, President of the Board of Commissioners of Internal Improvement, has succeeded in negotiating in New York a loan of half a million dollars, to carry on the Western and Atlantic Rail Road, now in progress by the State of Georgia, from the Tennessee line to the Chattahoochee.

BEAUTIFUL SIMILE.—Tears says the Boston Post, shed for the departed, seem to revive the heart. "Thus widows like frogs are most lively after a shower."

Alabama Facilities in New York.—The Portland Transcript contains the following interesting statistics of the means of education throughout the United States: About one-third of the population of the country are between the ages of three, sixteen and eighteen; and of course are the proper subjects for school education. In the United States more than four millions of children ought to be under the influence of schools.

In Maine, the law requires that the inhabitants of every town pay annually to the support of the schools a sum equal to about every person living in it. That amounts to about \$10,000. Their expenditure is more than \$10,000.

In New Hampshire, a separate tax of \$100 is raised for schools, besides an appropriation from a tax on bank stock of \$10,000.

In Vermont, more than \$20,000 are raised for schools from a third per cent, tax on grand list, and as much more from other taxes, beside an income of nearly \$1,000.

In Massachusetts, there are nearly 3,000 schools supported by public taxes and private subscriptions.

In Boston, the schools cost more than 12,000 children at an expense of \$20,000.

In Rhode Island are about seven hundred schools, supported by a legislative appropriation of £10,000 annually by taxes and private subscription.

The Connecticut fund is about \$20,000, but fails of its desired object. Children in the State, 85,000—schools, about 1,500.

In New York are more than 9,000 schools and over 500,000 children taught in them. School fund \$1,700,000, distributed annually \$100,000, but on the condition that each town raise, by tax or otherwise, as much as they receive from the fund.

New Jersey has a fund of £250,000, and an annual income of £22,000.

In Pennsylvania, during the last year, more than 250,000 children out of 400,000 were destitute of school instruction.

Delaware has a school fund of \$600.

Maryland has a fund of £75,000, and an income for schools from the tail which is divided between the several counties.

Virginia has a fund of £1,600,000, income divided among the counties according to the white population, and appropriated paying the tuition of poor children going attending private schools.

N. Carolina has a fund of \$70,000 appropriated for common schools.

S. Carolina appropriates £44,000 yearly to free schools.

Georgia has a fund of 500,000 dollars and more than 7,000 common schools. Alabama, and most of all the western and south-western States, are divided into sections six miles square, and each section has sections one mile square, with one school in the sixteenth, appropriated to education.

Mississippi has a fund of £8,000, but is not available until it amounts to £30,000.

The Legislature of Louisiana gives to each parish or county, in that State, £20 for each voter.

MONTGOMERY.—Received during the past week eighty bales—60 of which were of the new crop. 48 bales new fair were sold at 12 cents a pound, and lot of old at 10 a pound. A small lot of new, from fair to good fair, is held at 13 a pound.

The market generally is characterized by the dullness of the previous week. The cotton is free from disease. The weather underwent a sudden change on Saturday night, and the atmosphere fell from a warm to an almost wintry temperature.

Exchange is dull and without change.

Examiner.

STATISTICS OF EDUCATION.

The Portland Transcript contains the following interesting statistics of the means of education throughout the United States:

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THE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. OCT. 4, 1838.

By reference to our advertising columns, it will be seen, that it is proposed to open a private school for young ladies, on the first Monday of November next. The utility and necessity of such institutions in our country is acknowledged by all. Education in its largest sense means the formation of elevated intellectual, moral and religious principles, and the training of the mind to the application of these principles in society. Hence it is evident that future usefulness depends on the early enlightenment of the understanding. This school will be conducted after the plan of the best institutions in our country. And parents now have an opportunity of giving their daughters a complete and thorough education, without the expense and inconvenience of sending them to the north or elsewhere. It will be seen from the advertisement, that it is the design of the teachers to instill into the minds of their pupils ideas rather than words. That the old spelling Book system of committing all lessons to memory in the exact words of the text, without any explanation or understanding of their import, will be discarded.

This plan has already been banished from Seminaries of any standing in Europe, and from the best conducted institutions of our own country. It is in fact no better than a miserable expedient to waste time. Who would pretend, for instance, a study Drawing by reading descriptions of the different lines and figures which constitute the different designs of our models, and this too in presence to the more natural method of sketching them? And as regards verbal recitations, what we would ask do words import, without their spirit? Surely nothing. Nay worse than nothing, or the intellect by this crowding it with words, leaped upon words, without purpose and without use, is cramped infelicitous; and the reasoning and reflecting faculties suffered to lie dormant, we repeat it, why all the trouble and expense of time and means, to torture children into Parrots and Jackdaws? Better far better let them in wild, with the happy chance, that knowledge, like honest Dogberry's reading and writing "unisons by nature," thus trammel them with burdensome and useless letters. The objection to the old system may be stated concisely: that it cultivates memory alone, while the great object of education is to strengthen *all* the intellectual and moral faculties, to supply the mind with the requisite elements of knowledge, and thus put it in condition to act harmoniously, with efficiency and usefulness, and to cultivate just habits of thought, reasoning and of acting, which is far more valuable than any mere acquisition of knowledge. It is the design of the teachers to make this institution permanent; a Philosophical Apparatus will be procured as soon as possible, and boarding accommodations provided for those from abroad, no labor or expense spared to make it in every respect worthy the patronage of an intelligent community. The location of the school in a healthy and beautiful country, combined with its advantages, entitles it to the consideration of Parents distance who wish to give their daughters a complete and rational education.

about as pretty a piece of villainy as even the abolitionists were ever guilty of has lately come out in New York. It appears that Mr. Darg, a gentleman from Louisiana, arrived some time in that city with a slave and about \$3,000, after both the slave and the money were missing. Mr. Darg applied to the police, and offered a reward of \$1,000 for the recovery of his property. The police, suspecting with good cause the abolitionists were concerned in the robbery, advised him to keep quiet, and he would hear something of it. Shortly after, some abolitionists called upon Mr. Darg, and very modestly offered to restore his money if he would set the slave free. Mr. Darg had these philanthropic thieves arrested, and in the investigation of the case the following startling facts came out. The abolitionists have a "Vigilance Committee" organised in that city, composed of white and speckled vagabonds, for the purpose of robbing the slaves and money of southern gentlemen who may come within their reach. At the head of this stealing society stands a black fellow named Ruggles, who conducts a rascally called the "Colored negro American," or such name. This society acts as auxiliary to the great New York Anti-Slavery Society, and to carry out more fully their principles of amalgamation and villainy than the Party itself. It seems they find it very profitable. One of the witnesses testified he was the leader of the Committee, received no participation, but a certain per cent. on the profits, the property stolen.

Several leading Abolitionists were examined, and it was thought the robbery a very lucrative expressed some anxiety, lest the exposure injure the cause. Ruggles was held for the sum of \$3,000. How long is the submit to such things?

For the Republican.

Imports of Cotton from the United States for the years 1836-7 were 1,150,421 bales, for 1,558,653 bales increase 571,758.

Marcy of New York is the democratic candidate for re-election. The whigs have nominated Wm. H. Seaward.

bales of new cotton received at Natchez 3 cents.

Arrival of Dr. Anson Jones, Minister from the South, announced in the Washington papers.

"work goes bravely on." Vermont and have gone for the administration. In Ver-

mont, the Democrats gained one member of Congress. We have not yet heard full returns from either of the above States, but shall be able to lay them before our readers next week.

Thus it goes through the union. The *Hercules* are every where defeated, and democracy triumphant.

We wish we could introduce thee, dear reader, into all the mysteries and difficulties of an Editor's calling. It would excite your compassion, if you could see us sitting at our table, striving to eke out something for the education of our readers, and thrusting our pen with a desperate effort into our inkstand, to see if we can't hook up items from its depth. It is always expected an editor will say something new and interesting every week, whether he has any subject to write on or not. And at the present time there is nothing new in Politics, Literature, or Science; and if it was not for the pleasure of being now and then called "Mr. Editor," we should despair. We have thought of getting into a quarrel with some paper, just for the purpose of having something new to say, and it affords us a pleasurable excitement. Besides a phrenologist has examined our cranium and pronounced the organ of combativeness very prominent, and we would not have the science suffer on our account. While we feel in this combative mood, we will notice the miserable state into which our periodical literature, with a few honorable exceptions has fallen. It has suffered a worse than continental depreciation. The Philadelphia publishers have contributed in no small degree to this state of things. See their Literary Chronicle, their Lady's Book and Messenger, filled with pure, sentimental, pullasses and water love stories, and the very refuse of European Magazines, and by their putting, their empty pretences, agents and funding show bills, these Literary Jugglers have succeeded in inundating the country with their trash; and we are sorry to see that editors in the south and west have been willing to assist them in this gulling the public, by publishing their pretences and copying their parts, to the destruction of every thing like a correct literary taste. The south should encourage their own magazines, and be no longer dependent on the north either for their periodicals or books. The Southern Literary Messenger, a magazine conducted with talent of the highest order, advocating with zeal and ability southern principles and institutions, meets with but a meagre support in the south and south-west, while thousands are annually paid to the northern and particularly the Philadelphia publishers for their slimy productions. We hope this state of things will not long continue. That the south will ere long support their own periodicals, establish their own schools, publish their own books, and encourage and patronise their own literature.

The Union Synod of the Cumberland Presbyterians will convene at Mardisville, Al. on the second Thursday in November next.

COT., J. K. POLK.

There are men who in time of political revolutions stand firm and forsake not their principles. Let the tempest ever so fierce against them, they may be found with their feet planted upon the solid rock, and although the voice of presumption may be heard, yet they care not. With their eyes steadily fixed on the pole star they know they are right, and fear not to do their duty. Such the love to honor—such the people will honor—and such deserve to be honored by a free and happy people.

This is with the man whose name heads this article, and who is now a candidate for Governor of Tennessee. He has stood firm while others who were considered his equals have shifted with the wind. When the tide turned and was sweeping over Tennessee like a typhoon, he stood firm; he did not hesitate that he might be wafted hither and thither; he knew it was to last but for a moment, and would pass away like the morning clouds, and he breasted it until it should pass by—the knew he was right and feared not his duty.

He is now at home with his constituents & he has been invited to different parts of the State to partake of public dinners, and he has found large republiques audience wherever he has been. We learn that he has been invited to partake of a dinner at Huntsville in this country. Should he be able to attend he will meet with a warm reception we have no doubt.—*Gal. Citizen.*

From the Tennessee Democrat.

The Grand Political Caravans and Eatting Messas, alias Senator Ephraim T. Foster, John Bell, Caleb Norvell and his little foxed and roached Shetland Pony, reached town late on Thursday evening, and exhibited from that time until about eight o'clock the next morning. Nothing taken in at the door, but a great deal stowed away in their breadbaskets, (own supposed to be minus about thirty pounds of meat, and as much bread—to say nothing of the pony's corn.) Such crouching and licking and whining, as they passed through Franklin. [Bequiet, Joe.] Caleb is supposed to go to Jasper, and reported the caravan will exhibit at Pulaski today as a dinner to be given to Shielie. If they are not more than fifty-five tons handed in, Caleb will attend to matters and fix things before the proceedings are published in the Whig. The party must be hard run in Giles when it takes one white Senator, two Federal Representatives, one Clay editor and a Shethland pony to raise a crowd. What bad management on the part of the committee! If they had only thought to have whispered it among the people, that Col. Polk was expected to make a speech, got the sovereigns to attend, and then have foisted them, with John Bell, they might have done a smashing business. As it is the menagerie will not clear expenses.

TO ADALINE.

The roses that bloom on my Adaline's cheek, would tell us, if roses, young roses, could speak, of the joyous repose of the spirit within, unburthened by sorrow, unsullied by sin.

But ah! when I look down the vista of years, and see how life's roses are blighted by tears, I ask, will my gentle one be always thus gay, And buoyant of heart as I see her today?

Yes, I'll hope that the sunshine will never depart From the paths of her feet, nor the hopes of her heart; And when life fades away like the sunset of even, It will drift in the light and the music of Heaven.

PEIR.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.

DEATH OF HIPPOLETTUS.

From the French of Racine.
O'er the wide bosoms of the liquid deep,
The boiling billows roll with brightful sweep,

In dread perusion as each meets the shore,

It breaks, disperses and is seen no more.

High midst the foam an angry monster sails,
Armed is his front, and yellow dyed his scales;

The raging dragon and the bold unite
In this one creature to appal the sight.

His tail contorted lashes far the waves;

And the shores tremble as he loudly roars:

While the high heavens look on with shrinking dread,

The earth is mov'd. His poisoned breathings shed

Contagion in the air. The tide recels

In horror with the load with which it tells—

All fly; nor arm in dangerous useless strife,

But seek the temples to preserve their life.

Hippolytus alone, a hero's worthy son,

Seizes his blade and hastens to run:

Against the minister now the weapon aimed,

Strikes to his flank, and leaves him deeply maimed.

With rage and pain the dragon bounds before,

And moaning, dying, throws him on the shore;

There at the horses feet, he writhing lies,

While five and blood around them, snakes-like lies.

Fear takes the steeds, and on they rush amain,
Deaf to the voice, and heedless of the rain;

As with their master seeks their speed to stay,

They dash alone while crimson dies the way.

It is even said, midst this disordered fight,

A god was seen to spur them to their might;

Over the rocks by terror they are driven,

Yet to impred *Troezeene* is given,

To look in calmness on the woeing earth,

Fired of its shrieking tale desir'd afar.

Himself entangled in the reins he held,

Brought to the earth with terror I beheld;

Yees, I saw then, I saw your valiant son,

Dragged by the steeds, his kindness should have won.

He calls to stop them, but his voice anew,

With fear to fear and onward still they flew,

Now is his body but one dreadful gore,

And cries of pity echo from the shore!

A length exhausted here the horses stay;

No pause for distant from the hollow'd way;

Where the cold relicks of his kingly train,

Since early days in peacefulness have lain

Follow on, his guards my steps pursue,

His generous blood our footstep surely drew

To the stoned, fatal spot, that lay all o'er

Clash-clattered in his steed's warm dripping gore,

Called upon his name—one look he cast,

From forth his hand—fell back—it was his last.

I am aware that I have, in this designating Hippolytus, sealed myself of a poetical license, which can perhaps find no better apology than accentual eligibility.

There will be a Methodist Camp-meeting held 5 miles above Alexandria, on the road leading to Jacksonville, commencing on Friday preceding the 3rd Sunday of Oct. next.

JACKSONVILLE FEMALE INSTITUTE

FOR YOUNG LADIES

Conducted by MISS THOMPSON, MR. & MRS. FOSTER.

IT will be the design of the above institution

which it is proposed to open on the 1st day of

November, to afford to pupils a regular and com-

plete course of instruction; and the Teachers

well confident from the force they command, as

well as from the advantages they have had in be-

ing educated at the North under the best masters,

together with their experience in teaching the

branches each will assume charge of; that the

school will be placed upon such a footing, as will

make it, if adequate support be rendered, equal

to every establishment of the kind in any

part of the country.

It will be the constant aim in this Institution to

develop and strengthen the reasoning faculties

for which it is proposed the pupils will invariably be required to give illustrations of their own, or at

least such explanations as shall be satisfactory

some understanding is had of the subject, before a

any lesson is finally dismissed. All to be elucidated

by whatever the teacher may at the time deem

interesting or necessary. And the whole course

of study is to be accompanied by a regular series

of Lectures, to be delivered by Mr. Foster.

In conclusion, this undertaking is commenced

to determine what a school conducted on just and

liberal principles may effect in this country. The

teachers are willing to oblige themselves to

make every exertion in their power to entitle it to

the patronage, they for this end, as well as with

any views to emolument, now solicit. It is ac-

knowledged that institutions of this kind are much

wanted. And it must be evident to all that they

cannot be raised or supported without mutual ef-

fort. Neither can they be conducted without a

competent number of teachers, which of course

involves no small expense. Still it is not intended to

put this school above the reach of any who would

wish to make any reasonable exertion to give their

daughters a rational education. And accordingly

the charges will be as low as is consistent with the

proper and as it is hoped permanent support of



POETRY.

THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE.—John Mason Good, author of the Studies of Nature, and the Translation of the Book of Job, has in four stanzas stated the argument in favor of an intelligent first cause—the wise contriver of all the arrangements of this material world, as strikingly as it could be stated in a whole volume:

THE DAISY.

Not worlds on worlds, in phalanx deep,
Need we to tell a God is here;
The daisy, fresh from winter's sleep,
Tells of His hand in lines as clear.

What power, but His who arched the skies,
And poured the day-spring's purple flood,
Wonderous alike in all it tries,
Could rear the daisy's curious bud:

Mould its green cup, its wavy stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold-embossed gem
That, set in silver, gleams within:

And fling it with a hand so free
O'er hill and dale and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks, may see,
In every step, the stamp of God?

From Stephen's *Incidents of Travel in Greece, &c.*

VISIT TO THE WIDOW OF MARCO BOZZARIS.

In a few moments the widow of Marco Bozzaris entered. I have often been disappointed in my preconceived notions of personal appearance, but it was not so with the lady who now stood before me; she looked the widow of a hero; as one worthy of her Grecian mothers, who gave their hair for bowstrings, their girdle for a sword belt, and while their heart strings were cracking, sent their young lovers from their arms to fight and perish for their country. Perhaps it was she that led Marco Bozzaris into the path of immortality: that roused him from the wild guerrilla warfare in which he had passed his early life, and fired him with the high and holy ambition of freeing his country. Of one thing I am certain, no man could look in her face without finding his wavering purposes fixed, without treading more firmly in the path of high and honorable enterprise. She was under forty, tall and stately in person, and habited in deep black, fit emblem of her widowed condition, with a white handkerchief laid flat over her head, giving the Madonna cast to her dark eyes and marble complexion. We all rose as she entered the room: and though living secluded and seldom seeing the face of a stranger, she received our compliments and returned them with far less embarrassment than we both felt and exhibited.

But our embarrassment, at least I speak for myself, was induced by an unexpected circumstance. Much as I was interested in her appearance, I was not insensible to the fact that she was accompanied by two young and beautiful girls, who were introduced to us as her daughters. This somewhat bewildered me. While waiting for their appearance, and talking with Constantine Bozzaris, I had in some way conceived the idea that the daughters were mere children, and had fully made by my mind to take them both on my knee and kiss them; but the appearance of the stately mother recalled me to the grave of Bozzaris; and the daughters would probably have thought that I was taking liberties upon so short an acquaintance. If I had followed up my benevolent purpose in regard to them; so that, with the long pipe in my hand, which, at that time, I did not know how to manage well, I cannot flatter myself that I exhibited any of the benefit of Continental travel.

The elder was about sixteen, and even in the opinion of my friend Doctor W., a cool judge in such matters, a beautiful girl, possessing in its fullest extent all the elements of Grecian beauty; a dark, clear complexion, dark hair, set off by a little red cap embroidered with gold thread, and a long blue tassel hanging down behind, and large black eyes expressing a melancholy quiet, but which might be excited to shoot forth glances of fire more terrible than her father's sword. Happily, too, for us, she talked French, having learned it from a French marquis who had served in Greece and been domesticated with them; but young and modest, and unused to the company of strangers, she felt the embarrassment common to young ladies when attempting to speak a foreign language. And we could not talk to her on common themes. Our lips were sealed, of course, upon the subject which had brought us to her house. We could not sound for her the praises of her gallant father. At parting however, I told them that the name of Marco Bozzaris was as familiar in America as that of a hero of our own revolution, and that it had been hallowed by the inspiration of an American poet; and I added that, if it would not be unacceptable, on my return to my native country, I would send the tribute referred to, as an evidence of the feeling existing in America toward the memory of Marco Bozzaris. My offer was gratefully accepted; and afterwards, while in the act of mounting my horse to leave Missilonghi, our guide, who had remained behind, came to me with a message from the widow and daughters reminding me of my promise.

I do not see that there is any objection to

mentioning that I wrote to a friend, requesting him to procure Halleck's "Marco Bozzaris," and send it to my banker at Paris. My friend thinking to enhance its value, applied to Mr. Halleck for a copy in his own handwriting. Mr. Halleck, with his characteristic modesty, evaded the application; and on my return home I told him the story of my visit, and reiterated the same request. He evaded me as he had done my friend, but promised me a copy of the new edition of his poems, which he afterwards gave me, and which, I hope, is now in the hands of the widow and daughters of the Grecian hero.

I make no apology for introducing in a book the widow and daughters of Marco Bozzaris. True, I was received by them in private, without any expectation, either on their part or mine, that all the particulars of the interview would be noted and reported; it will not be considered invading the sanctity of private life; but, at all events, I make no apology; the widow and children of Marco Bozzaris are the property of the world.

A GENTLE REPROOF.

BY S. SLEEPER.

One day as Zechariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine codfish, and sent it home with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking it was prescribed, the good woman well knew whether she boiled it or made it into a chowder, her husband would scold her when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible; and therefore cooked portions of it in several different ways. She also, with some little difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home—some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation.

"Well wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you have cooked it—I will bet any thing that you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover.) I thought so. What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as leave eat a boiled frog."

"Why my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing—You knew better—I never loved fried fish—Why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you knew I boiled it and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which only added to the illnature of her husband.

"A pretty dish this!" exclaimed he.—"Boiled fish! chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. There is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed!" grumbled the discomfited husband, I dare say it is an unpalatable wish-wash mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who as soon as the preference was expressed uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULLFROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length!—Zachariah sprang from his chair not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right and he was wrong—and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson—and he was as good as his word.

Definition of a Loafer.—A loafer is the personification of philosophy. He has no vanity to be ruffled by the sight of another's success.—He has no dignity to maintain, which costs him trouble and money. He finds himself in the world, and he lets it wag keeping just in that station where he began. Other men pass half their time in little trifles that are beneath the dignity of man. The dandy is annoyed because his coat does not fit his figure precisely. Any coat fits the loafer.—If large he wraps it tighter; if small he squeezes his limbs into it the harder. He has no fashions to study: no fastidious acquaintances to outshine. The law of the loafer, is the law of nature."

N. Y. Mirror.

Deferred Sensibility.—A client once burst into a flood of tears after he had heard the statement of his council, exclaiming, "I did not think I suffered half as much till I heard it this day."

They kill two hundred dogs a week in Philadelphia. Dangerous place for Whigs.

Boston Post.

A GOOD ONE.—When the late Judge Howell, of R. Island, was at the bar, Mr. Burgess, to play a joke, wrote on the lining of his hat, *vacuum caput*, (empty head.) The hat circled about, exciting a smile on every countenance except the owner who deliberately took it up, and repeated the words well knowing the author addressed the court. "May it please the court, I ask your honor's protection, (holding up the hat) for, said he, "I find that brother Burgess has written his name in my hat, and I have reason to believe he intends to make off with it."

A modern lexicographer defines the word *husband* thus—"A domestic animal, used to draw water and split wood."

The same erudite gentleman gives us the following:—*Military*—A string of men carrying cornstocks."

Compact Comfort.—A gentleman having heard that a bachelor Editor of an evening paper was about to change his quarters, said to him—"Is it possible your folks think of moving?" Our cotemporary replied—

"When I move, my family moves; and when my hat is on, my house is shingled."

A late number of a Cincinnati paper contains the following agreeable announcement:—It is expected that the editor of this journal will be extensively cowhided in the course of the day!"

The Arabs think dueling a silly custom. Their reasoning on the subject is singular.—"If a man insult you," say they, "kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill as well as insult you."

Test of Integrity.—CONSTANTINE, when he was chosen Emperor, found several Christians in office, and issued an edict requiring them to renounce their faith or quit their places. Most of them gave up their offices, to preserve their conscience, but some of them cringed and renounced Christianity. When the Emperor had thus made full proof of their dispositions and characters, he removed all who had thus basely complied with his supposed wishes, and retained the others saying—that those who desert or deny their Divine Master would desert him, and were not worthy of his confidence."

A southern editor describes a man who was born in a hail storm, brought up on vinegar and crab apples, and lived in a town called Misery.

WOLF, the eccentric missionary who has been so long hunting for the lost tribes of Isreal, has received the degree of L. L. D., from the University of Dubin.

The following allusions by Baron Smith to one of those extraordinary sensations on whose existence Plato grounded his beautiful fantasy that all knowledge is only remembrance, is exceedingly elegant:

"In connection with the phenomena of memory may I be here permitted to take notice of a certain mystery or marvel which has occasionally presented itself to me and in voucher of the existence of which I have the experience of others in addition to my own. I mean that strange impression which will occasionally come with unexpected suddenness on the mind that the scene now passing and in which we share is one which in the very place and the very words with the same persons and with the same feelings we had accurately rehearsed we know not where before. It is the most extraordinary of sensation and is one which will occur where, in what is going forward there is nothing remarkable or of particular interest involved. While we speak, our former words are ringing in our ear, and the sentences which we form are the faint echoes of conversation had in olden time. Our conscious thoughts, too, as they rise, seem to whisper to each other that this is not their first appearance in this place. In short, all that is now before us seems the apparition of a dialogue long departed—the special resurrection of scenes and transactions long gone by. Or we may be said, by the momentary gleam of a flash reminiscence, to be reviewing in a mysterious mirror, the dark reflections of times past, and living over, in minute and shadowy detail, a duplicate of the incidents of some pre-existent state."

A Wife's Devotion.—The affecting occurrence of the destruction of the Pulaski, in which a devoted wife, unable to endure the thought of life when her husband was no more, eagerly followed him into the waves, has received much comment in the newspapers. It was evident that would have shown in Roman History. The husband who perished,

owned a treasure in that heart

Of golden fruit, that Cressus had not bought
Though he had hewn his Lydian mountains down
And turn'd Pactolus from shining sands.

The escape of Col. Karns from the party of Mexicans, who recently attacked him near Goliad, would seem to have been truly providential if not an instance of the truth of the declaration, that fortune favours the brave. In the act of putting his foot into the stirrup, to mount his horse he was fired upon and dragged some distance by the frightened animal before he could extricate himself.

On doing so, he instantly faced his enemies and drew his pistol and fired while they discharged their pieces at him but without effect. He continued to confront them and by his admirable coolness and method succeeded at length in gaining a wood by means of which he escaped.—*Ib.*

ed their pieces at him but without effect. He continued to confront them and by his admirable coolness and method succeeded at length in gaining a wood by means of which he escaped.—*Ib.*

NOTICE.

THE Stage Line from Jacksonville to Rome, Ga. is offered for sale, horses excepted. Possession will be given the first of November. Will also sell my house and lot in Jacksonville, at a reduced price, as I design removing to the country. Persons wishing to settle in town, can get a bargain in the above purchases by applying soon.

Sept. 20, 1838.—*St.* JOHN SCHENCK.

E. T. SMITH,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

WILL attend to any business that may be committed to his care in the Courts of Law, and Equity, for the Counties of St. Clair, DeKalb, Cherokee, Benton, Randolph and Talladega. His office is in Jacksonville, Benton county, next door to the New York Store. June 7, 1838.—*ts.*

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JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1838.

Whole No. 91

VOL. II. NO. 39.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, EVERY THURSDAY
BY J. F. GRANT,

At \$2 50 in advance, or \$3 at the end of the year. No subscription received for less than one year unless paid in advance; and no subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid, unless at the option of the editor. A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue will be considered an engagement the next.

Terms of Advertising.

ADVERTISEMENTS of 12-lines or less, \$1 00 for the first insertion & 50 cents for each continuance. Over 12 lines counted as two squares, over 24 as three, &c. Advertisements handed in without directions as to number of insertions, will be published until satisfied and charged accordingly.

A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

DRS. FRANCIS & CLARK,
HAVING associated themselves in the Practice of Medicine, respectfully tender their services in the various branches of the profession to the citizens of Benton and the adjoining counties. Their office is on the west side of the public square, at which place they may at all times be found unless professionally absent.

Jacksonville, May 30, 1838.—tf.

R. E. W. MCADAMS,
Clock & Watch Repairer;
WOULD respectfully inform the public, that he has located permanently in the Town of Jacksonville and will be ready at all times to execute in the best manner and without delay, any work that may be left with him. His shop is on the north side of the public square, in the store room formerly occupied by Mitchell and Poyer.

Jacksonville, September 20, 1838.—12m.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
DE KALB COUNTY.
TAKEN UP and posted by William S. Ragan, living in Lookout valley, one SORREL MARE, black face, both hind feet white, branded with a horse shoe on the left hip, with old bell on, supposed to be 12 years old, with black horse colt, black face, left hind foot white. Appraised to \$50 00 before Joseph M. Jones, J.P. A. W. MAJORS, Clerk.

STATE OF ALABAMA,
BENTON COUNTY.
TAKEN up and posted by Alexander Jordan, living on Tarpin Creek, one Bay Poney, 20 years old, some white spots on back and sides, 14 hands high, slit in the left ear and branded with the figure 8 on his right shoulder—appraised to ten dollars. Sept. 22d, 1838.
M. M. HOUSTON, CLERK.

September 27, 1838.—3t.

0,000 Yds. Bagging,
150 Coils Rope,
500 lbs. Twine, Just received and for sale on commission by the subscribers.

SHORTER & BANCROFT.

July 19, 1838.—4m.

MADISONVILLE HOTEL.

THE subscriber having located himself in the Town of Madisonville, East Tennessee, and having opened a HOUSE OF PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT in the large and commodious building lately occupied by John Norwood, does hereby share a portion of public patronage, and promises to give every attention and exertion to render comfort and satisfaction to all who may frequent him with a call.

SAM'L A. MCKENZIE.

Sept. 20, 1838.—3m.

NOTICE.

ALL persons indebted to the subscriber, by note or otherwise, are requested to come forward and settle, as it is known I never sold on a demand. I hope those concerned will avail themselves of this notice; if they do not, they may expect to pay cost, and that in strict order.

JAMES BLACK.

Sept. 26, 1838.—3t.

DR. WM. THOMPSON,
GAIN tenders his services to the citizens of Benton County, in the practice of Medicine, calculated to remedy most of the diseases incident to this climate. His residence is four miles east of White Plains in the edge of Rabbitown Valley.

Oct. 4, 1838.

NOTICE.

COMMITTED to the Jail of Jacksonville, Benton County Alabama, on the 27th day of September last, a Negro Man named JOE, who says he belongs to Charles Cleghorn, from whom he says he ran away about the eleventh of September last. Said Negro is a twenty-six years of age, about five feet inches high, stout built, and black complexion. If he has any marks or scars they have not been discovered.

The owner of the above described Negro, is requested to come forward, prove property, pay wages and take him away, or he will be dealt with according to law.

FIELDING SNOW,

Jailor.

BLANKS
Every description neatly executed, & kept constantly on hand for sale at this Office.
Officers in the adjoining counties may be furnished with such blanks as they use, upon the shortest notice, & on reasonable terms.

THOUGHTS ON SOCIETY.
From Moral Views of Commerce, Society, & Politics; by Rev. Orville Bewley.

SOCIAL EXCLUSIVENESS.

* * * There is a certain distinction then; there is a charmed circle, within which the social exclusivists entrenches himself, & that circle is surrounded as with an electric chain, which sends quick and thrilling sensibility through every part. But touch an individual in that society—but mention his name, and the man or the woman we are speaking of feels it instantly: attention is on the alert; the ear is opened in every word there is the utmost desire to know or to seem to know, the individual in question; there is an eagerness to talk about him, a lively interest in all that concerns him. Is he sick? is he well?—is he in this place, or is he in that place?—the most ordinary circumstances rise to great importance, the moment they are connected with him. But, now, do you speak of a person out of that circle—be it of fashion, or birth, or wealth, or talents, or let it a circle composed of some of all of these, and suddenly the social exclusivists has passed through a total metamorphosis.—He says not a word, perhaps; he settles the matter more briefly, and at less expense. His manner speaks:—There is an absolute unspeakable indifference. He know nothing about persons of that class, who, alas! have nothing in this world to make them interesting, but their mind and heart. And if you speak of such an one, he opens his eyes upon you, as if he scarcely comprehended what part of the creation you are talking about. And when he is made at length to recognize a thing so unimportant, as the concerns of the other-being, held to be inferior, you find that he is included with a multitude of others under the summary phrase of those people, or that sort of people? and with such, you would find that he scarcely more acknowledged the tie of a common nature, than with the actually inferior beings of the animal creation.

This feeling of selfish and proud-exclusiveness is confined to no one class.—I wish we could say, that it is limited to anyone grade of character. I wish we could say, that it did not infect the minds of many persons, otherwise, of great merit and worth. I wish we could say, that any one is exempt from it. Living, growing up, as we all have been, in a selfish world, educated, more or less, by wordly maxims, we have none of us; perhaps, felt as we ought, the sacred claim of human nature—let our minds thrill to its touch, as an electric chain—feel ourselves bound with the bands of holy human sympathy—feel that all human thought, desire, want, weakness, hope, joy and grief, were our own—ours to commune with and to partake of. Few have felt this; for it is always the attribute of the loftiest philanthropy, or of the loftiest genius. Of the loftiest genius, I repeat: for I venture to say, that all such genius has ever been distinguished for its earnest sympathy and sacred interest in all human feeling. And why should we not feel it? The very dog goes and lies down and dies upon the grave of his master, will almost draw a tear from us, so near does he approach to human affection. And when the war-horse that has carried his rider through many battles, bows his neck and thrills through his whole frame, at the approach and touch of that master's hand, we feel something more than respect towards the noble animal. Oh! sacred humanity! how art thou dishonored by thy children, when the merest appendage of thy condition, the mere brute companion of thy fortunes, is more regarded than thou.

What a picture does human society present to us! If I were to represent the world in vision, I should say that I see it, not as that interchange of hill and dale which now spreads around me, but as one vast mountain; and all the multitude that cover it, are struggling to rise; and those who, in my vision, seem to be above, instead of holding friendly intercourse with those who are below, are endeavoring, all the while, to look over them, or building barriers and fences to keep them down; and every lower grade is using the same treatment towards those who are beneath them that they bitterly and scornfully complain of, in those who are above all but the topmost circle, imitators as well as injured; and the topmost circle—with no more to gain, revelling or sleeping upon its perilous heights, or dizzy with its elevation—soon falls from its pinnacles of pride, giving place to others, who share in constant succession the same fate. Such is the miserable struggle of social ambition all the world over."

Divinity of Human Nature.
* * * Your neighbor is above you in the world's esteem, perhaps—above you it may be, in fact; but what are you? You are man; you are a rational and religious being; you are an immortal creature. Yes, a glad and glorious existence is yours; your eye is opened to the lovely and majestic vision of nature; the paths of knowledge are around you, and they stretch onward to eternity; and most of all, the glory of the infinite God, the all-perfect, all-wise, all-beautiful, is unfolded to you. What now compared

with this is a little worldly eclat? The treasures of infinity and of eternity are heaped upon the laboring thought; can that thought be deeply occupied with questions of mortal prudence? It is as if a man were enriched by some generous benefactor, almost beyond measure, and should find nothing else to do, but vex himself and complain, because another man was made a few thousand richer.

"Where, unreasonable complainer! dost thou stand, and what is around thee? The world spreads before thee its sublime mysteries where the thoughts of sages lose themselves in wonder; the ocean lifts up its eternal anthems to thine ear; the golden sun lights thy path; the wide heavens stretch themselves above thee, and worlds rise upon worlds, and systems beyond systems, to infinity; and dost thou stand in the centre of all this, to complain of thy lot and place? Pipal of that infinite teaching! minister at Nature's great altar! child of heaven's favor? ennobled being! redeemed creature! must thou pine in sullen and envious melancholy, amidst the plenitude of the whole creation?

But thy neighbor is above thee, thou sayest. What then? What is that to thee? What, if the shout of millions rise around him? What is that to the million voiced nature that God has given thee? That shout dies away into the vacant air; it is not his; but thy nature—thy favoured, sacred and glorious nature—is thine. It is the reality—to which praise is but a fleeting breath.—Thou canst meditate the things, which applause but celebrates. In that thou art a man, thou art infinitely exalted above what any man can be, in that he is praised. I had rather be the humblest man in the world, than barely be thought greater than the greatest. The beginner is greater, as a man, than is the man merely as a king. Not one of the crowds that listened to the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero—not one who has bent with admiration over the pages of Homer or Shakespeare—not one who followed in the train of Caesar or of Napoleon, would part with the humbler power of thought, for all the fame that is echoing over the world and through the ages."

FREEDOM OF OPINION.
* * * What barrier is there against the universal despoticism of public opinion in this country, but individual freedom? Who is to stand up here, but the possessor of that lofty independence? There is no king, no sultan, no noble, no privileged class; nobody else to stand against it. If you yield the point, if you are forever making compromises, if all men do this, if the entire policy of private life here, is to escape opposition and reprobation, every thing will be swept beneath the popular wave. There will be no individuality, no hardihood no high and stern resolve, no self-subsistence, no fearless dignity, no glorious manhood of mind, left among us. The holy heritage of our father's virtues will be trodden under foot, by their unworthy children.—They feared not to stand up against kings and nobles, and parliament and people. Better did they account it, that their lonely bark should sweep the wide sea in freedom—happier were they when their sail swelled to the storm of winter, than to be slaves in palaces of ease.—Sweeter to their ear was the music of the gale, that shrieked in their broken cordage, than the voice at home that said 'summit, and you shall have rest.' And when they reached this wild shore, and built their altar, and knelt upon the frozen snow and flinty rock to worship, they built that altar to freedom, to individual freedom of conscience and opinion; and their noble prayer was, that their children might be thus free. Let their sons remember the prayer of their extremity; and the great bequest which their magnanimity has left us. * * * I know of but one thing safe in the univers, and that is truth. And I know of but one way to truth for an individual mind, and that is,不受制的 thought, freely expressed. Make of truth itself an altar of slavery, and guard it about with a mysterious shrine; bind thought as a victim upon it; and let the passions of the prejudiced multitude minister fuel and you sacrifice upon the accursed altar, the hopes of the world!

Why is it, in fact, that the tone of morality in the high places of society, is so lax and pleasant, but for want of the independent and indignant rebuke of society? There is reproach enough poured upon the darkness, debauchery and dishonesty of the poor man. The good people who go to them can speak plainly—ay, very plainly of his evil ways. Why is it then, that fashionable vice is able to hold up its head, and sometimes to occupy the front ranks of society? It is because respectable persons, of hesitating and compromising virtue, keep it in countenance. It is because timid woman stretches out her hand to the man whom she knows to be the deadliest enemy of morality and of her sex; while she turns a cold eye upon the victims of her sins.

It is because there is nobody to speak plainly in cases like these. And do you think that society is ever to be regenerated or purified under the influence of these unjust and pusillanimous compromisers? Dark and gloomy were the thoughts of both captor and captive, as they journeyed to the frozen home of the Wyandots.

While Emanuel had been among the other white children, he had not realized his losses; but when he reached the villages on the Maumee, and saw about him only the grim features of the warriors, the scowling squaws, and the dark faces of the Indian boys, he felt that he had indeed lost all he once clung to, and his buoyant spirit drooped at length. So one evening he came home, and sitting down at the feet of the Deep-river, who was muttering bitterly over the embers, he said: Chief, I have no father—will you be my father?" The heart of the Indian was touched, and he determined to adopt as his own the son of the man he had murdered.

While the Wyandot warriors had been gone to the war, a new dweller had built his wigwam in their village. It was a Jesuit priest, named Du Quesne, a relative, I think, of the old Governor. He was young, ardent, full of faith, and void of all worldliness. Upon the banks of the little Rhone stream, that runs by his father's door, he had read of the labors of the Catholics in China, India, and America—among the mountains of Mexico, and by the mighty lakes of Canada; and his quick spirit had been wrought to that point that crowns and kingdoms, wealth, power, and fame, were as dust in the balance, against the sufferings and labors, the trials and glories, of a missionary. And now that he was amid those trials, he walked as one worthy of them; and so kindly, so loving, so true, were all his words and ways, that the young Wyandot women, understood but one word in ten, came with their children and listened as to a sweet song in a foreign tongue.

But the Deep-river was no woman; and when he heard, at his return, of the bold Father Louis had taken on the affections of his people, he would almost have driven him from the village, had he not been French—the foe of his foe; for he felt as Red Jacket felt and said, in after years: "If you wish us well, keep away, do not disturb us; we like our religion, and do not want another."

I have said that the Wyandot chief meant to adopt the boy Emanuel; and though the ceremonies of adoption were still delayed, he treated him as a son, and as a son expected him to fear and obey him. But the Virginia lad was little disposed, at times, to do any one's will but his own, and his Indian father then punished him, Indian fashion—broke a hole in the ice, and thrust him in. Such treatment brought on contests, and the contests produced ill-feeling. The young Long-knife, as his red playmates called him, was hot and quick, and Deep-river was one who would be obeyed.

Upon an occasion of this kind the Wyandot, thinking he was ruining the boy by too great indulgence, pulled forth a buffalo thong, and gave him a scourging that went through muscles and bones to the soul itself. Noon came, and Emanuel was not in the wigwam—Night came, and still he was not in the wigwam. The chief needed but to reflect but one moment, and his own feelings told him that the beaten child had left his lodge. The mind of the savage is like a nicely poised sword, and for a while the Deep-river balanced between admiration and enmity; affection stronger than ever, and more deadly hate.

The boy had, as he supposed, left him full of the agony and impotence of boyish resentment. He had seen, while at play, another white face in the village, and went at once to the hut of the Jesuit. His story was soon made intelligible to one that read English as well as Father Louis did, and they slept that night side by side.

With the first dawning of the day, Wyandot chief was abroad. His mind balanced no longer. "It was the part of a squaw to spur him as I did," he said; "the Great Spirit is angry; He stood for an instant in the centre of the Indian town; then, with unerring instance, went straight to the Frenchman's door.

Emanuel lay upon the arm of his new protector, dreaming of that quiet vale upon the Greenbriar, where he had chased butterflies with his sisters, and where the bones of those sisters now whitened in the rains of winter. Suddenly the dim light of morn broke thru' the opened door, and was bid again by the form of the Deep-river. He beat over the sleepers, and seeing it to be as he supposed, shook the priest by the arm.

"What want you?" said Du Quesne, alarmed and half awake. The Wyandot pointed to the child, who, with pale cheek, but set teeth, drew back from his dreaded father. The Frenchman shrugged and shook his head.

"He is my son!" said the savage, sternly. Those words drove fear from Emanuel's heart, for the night of his father's death was fresh before his mind. "It's a lie" he said! "you murdered my father—you stole me!" "Shall I take him?" said the Deep-river, calmly.

"For what?" asked the doubting priest.

"Death!" was the brief, but all-comprehending answer.

"Never—I will die myself sooner!" said the Jesuit, his clear eye dilating.

"It is well!"—and the chief turned on her of the British Parliament for Hackney his feet as he spoke.

* * * * *

It lacks half an hour of full moon. The Indian children have left their sports on the frozen river, & stand silent about the door of the council house. The warriors are met in judgement, the club, whose blow upon the earth is the note for death, stands by the side of the great war chief, the Deep-river. Opposite, are the priest, and the wondering but not undaunted boy Emanuel.

An aged Wyandot chief rises—a long tried friend of the French. "Brother," he says, "I have something to say to you. My fathers over the big water fought, and his red children with him, but the Long-knives were strong, and my father fell asleep. Then his red children fought alone; they took prisoners; they drank the life-blood of my father's enemies." Was this wrong?

"My father has a religion, and worships the Great Spirit in a way of his own. The Long-knives hate his religion I have heard that they killed the friends of my father, because they prayed with him. Was it a lying report that told me this?"

"Now, the boy you hold by the hand is my father's religion, and would shed his blood. Look! does not my brother put a snake in his bosom?"

"Another! our chief would crush the snake, but we will not tear it from him, but smother it; he will crush both together. He tells us my brother wills it so."

"See! when the sun is on this line, it is noon. Till then, my brother may think he will yet hold the reptile; or he may soon us why he holds it. When it is noon, the club must go round, and my brother will live or die, as the council pleases."

For some moments the breath of the Jesuit came too fast for his feelings to find words, but his enthusiasm was too pure, too deep, to let the weak body rule long, and, dropping the English boy's hand, and throwing back his robe, he answered them in their own tongue.

"Warriors!" he said, "I had thought you brave—I had heard of bold deeds done by you; but I must have erred. Perhaps it was the Senecas that did these things; and the Wyandots sit at home, and spill the blood of priests and children! No!—No, you say. What means this council? Is not the Deep-river strong enough to tear this boy from me, if he wishes him? Does he fear a white man, that he does not do it? Let him do it, and he shall see that I can die in the boy's cause."

"But my brother says the boy is my enemy. Then why did he come to my feet for help? No human being is my enemy that asks my assistance—red or white, man or child. I care not what tongue he speaks, or what dress he wears, if he is helpless, he's my friend."

"My brother says this boy hates his father's religion. Does my brother care for that religion?—and if not why came I to this place? To make him care for it. I love him though he knows nothing of it: I love him, even though in his ignorance, he hates me. My brother worships the Master of Life, and I worship him, and this child worships him; more than that, I care not to know. You, my brother, and I, have one father in France, and so we are brothers, though we dress differently and you, and this boy, have one Father in Heaven, and let us differ in other things as we may, we are brothers still. It's enough! He is helpless and is my friend—he is like me, a child of the Great Spirit, and as such, I will die for them."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and not a word more was spoken in that assembly.—Then the hands of the priest were bound together, and a belt drawn over his eyes. That was the moment of agony. In the darkness of that moment, his father's cottage rose before him, and he saw the old man kneeling and heard his prayer for the chosen and best beloved one in the wilderness. Then, indeed, was the heart of the missionary faint. All that he had labored for, and looked forward to, was in that moment lost forever.—But the hand of Emanuel sought his again, and the touch was relief. He felt that he died for a great principle, and that his death would not be in vain, that he was about gaining, not losing, what he had labored for, and looked forward to.

The word passed that it was noon. The belt fell from the Jesuit's eyes, and before him with a keen and polished knife, stood the Deep-river. "Is my brother yet strong?" said the chief again.

"He is stronger than ever, Wyandot," replied the ready victim; "he rejoices to die for an enemy, and one that hates his faith. He might talk christianity for years, and your ears be deaf; but see, he dies for a stranger and a foe! This is a sermon that will sink into your heart, though it were stone.—Strike!"

The blade descended, but it was to cut the bonds, not to pierce the heart.

"My brother," said the Indian, "is no coward. He has spoken good words. He has acted like a man. We believe the Great Spirit has whispered wisdom in his ear.—Look! my brother is free; the boy of the Long-knives is free—they may go! The Deep-river will shed no blood this day."

SERVILE INSURRECTION.—We learn from the Franklin Tennessee Review of Friday last, that a contemplated insurrection of the negroes in Marshall county, Mississippi, was

detected and defeated a few days ago. The Review quotes the annexed account of it from the Pontotoc Intelligencer of the 4th inst.:

The instigator of the movement we learn was a "white man," as is usual in all occurrences of this kind; and the plot was disclosed through the fidelity of a slave. The negro in question could not endure the idea of his mistress falling in a general massacre, and divulged the plot to a person of respectability, by whose advice the negro appointed a night on which to meet the fiend who directed the plot for the purpose of hearing his plans in full and receiving instruction.

On the night appointed: several persons having secreted themselves close at hand for the purpose of overhearing the conversation, the negro met the conspirator, and so soon as he had opened his plans sufficiently to furnish conclusive evidence of his guilt against himself, the persons concealed rushed upon him and secured him. After his guilt was rendered certain, the indignation of the whole community around was so greatly excited that it was with much difficulty the friends of the laws could save the culprit from the vengeance of Judge Lynch. But we are rejoiced to say that in North Mississippi a regard for the laws and the constitution prevailed over the Lynch code, in a case better calculated than any other which can possibly be conceived of, to arouse the passions and impel the citizens administer justice with his own hand.

The Circuit court of Marshall county commenced its fall session on yesterday, and doubtless the fiend who could plot so hellish a conspiracy against the very existence of society, will immediately receive that justice which its enormity demands and the law awards.

THE CRISIS OVER.—Matters are going against the whigs prodigiously. The harvest is coming in bountifully all over the country, the demands mechanical labor are daily increasing, importations from abroad and manufacturers at home are wanted beyond the possibility of immediate supply, exchanges are getting lower than their average for the last twenty-five years, money is sufficiently plenty, and idle business men who had nothing to do but get up excitement and lay the fault of overtrading to the government, are engaged in honest occupations again with prospects of an energetic fall business before them.

Already the effects are in the retiring from active political agitation of a great portion of the rank and file opposition. The opposition grow upon distress, by bringing together all the idle business men, who finding things go wrong, fancy they can right them by berating the administration. These have an influence on another class, and bring them in under the belief that a change in parties may bring a change in business affairs. This accounts for all the recent gains of the Federalists. The democracy have lost nothing, but increased numerically in every State which the whigs have partially carried except New York. The opposition have succeeded only by excitement and terror.—They have drawn to their ranks the inert mass who rarely vote either way, and can only be drawn out in panics, when self-interest is appealed to. The moment prosperity returns this mass falls back and the opposition goes down to about their original strength, and democracy goes ahead again.

The crisis is in fact passed, and whatever may have been the fears of our friends, fear perhaps not ungrounded could the pressure have been kept up in the country, the re-election of Mr. Van Buren is now a certain future event.

From this time forward the progress of democracy will be onward, with perhaps occasional checks, until in 1829, the whigs themselves will scarcely see a hope

for the Presidency, and will be driven, as in 1859, to ram all their available candidates in the vain hope of defeating a popular election.—*Boston Advocate.*

From the New York Journal of Commerce.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.
By the packet ship England, Capt. Wait, we have English papers to August 20th. Up to that day, Capt. Wait informs us the weather had been fine. On the 21st, he encountered a gale. Cotton had been down during the week ending with the 17th but was more active on Saturday the 18th.

All sorts of bread stuffs had fallen in price. The packet ship Shakespear which sailed from here on the 23rd of July arrived on the 19th of Aug. The Royal William steamer which left here Aug. 4th also arrived on the 16th. And the packet ship Cambridge which left here on the 1st was going in on the 20th.

PROROGATION OF PARLIAMENT.

The Queen has prorogued parliament in a speech from the throne and in her notice of Canada makes the following observations:—The disturbance and insurrections which had, unfortunately broken out in Upper and Lower Canada, have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that firm and judicious measures will empower you to restore a constitutional form of government, which unhappy events have compelled you for a time to suspend." This is sad news for the Tory party in Canada, who have taken

so much pains to represent Canada in a state of quiescent rebellion, ready to break out on the first favourable opportunity.

of their state decived by the organ of the money kings of wall street. The true construction of this answer is, that no State can have credit in wall street, that does not have the whig ticket. If this be so, we opinion there will not be much demand for New York funds.—*Flag of the Union.*

HER MAJESTY'S SPEECH.

My Lords and gentlemen,

The state of public business enables me to close this laborious and protracted session.

I have to lament that the civil war in Spain forms an exception of the general tranquility. I continue to receive from all foreign powers the strongest assurance of desire to maintain with me the most amicable relations.

The disturbances and insurrections which had, unfortunately broken out in Upper and Lower Canada have been promptly suppressed, and I entertain a confident hope that firm and judicious measures will empower you to restore a constitutional form of government, which unhappy events have compelled you for a time to suspend.

I rejoice at the progress which has been made in my colonial possessions towards the entire abolition of negro apprenticeship.

I have observed with much satisfaction the attention which you have bestowed upon the amendment of the domestic institutions of the country. I trust that the mitigation of the law of imprisonment for debt will prove at once favorable to the liberty of my subjects, and safe for commercial credit; and that the established church will derive increased strength and efficiency from the restriction of the granting of benefices in plurality.

I have felt great pleasure in giving my assent to the bill for the relief of the destitute poor in Ireland. I cherish the expectation that its provisions have been so conform'd, and will be so prudently executed that whilst they contribute to relieve distress they will tend to preserve order, and to encourage habits of industry and exertion.

I trust likewise that the act which you have passed relating to the composition of titles in Ireland, will increase the security of that property, and promote internal peace.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons.

I cannot sufficiently thank you for your despatch and liberality in providing for the expenses of my household and the maintenance of the honor and dignity of the crown. I offer you my warmest acknowledgements for the addition which you have made to the income of my beloved mother.

I thank you for the supplies which you have voted for the ordinary public service, as well as for the readiness with which you have provided means to meet the extraordinary expenses rendered necessary by the state of my Canadian possessions.

My Lords and Gentlemen;

The many useful measures which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the civil list and the state of Canada demanded so much of your attention, are a proof of your zeal for the public good. You are so well acquainted with the duties which now devolve upon you in your respective counties that it is unnecessary to remind you of them. In the discharge of them you may securely rely upon my firm support, and it only remains to express my humble hope that Divine Providence may watch over us all and prosper our united efforts for the welfare of our country.

The Lord Chancellor announced that the Parliament stood prorogued till Tuesday, the 11th of October next.

FROM KNOXVILLE.

The Register of Wednesday remarks on the health of the city:

"We scarcely know whether we can be justified in announcing any improvement in the health of our city. We may venture to congratulate our fellow-citizens however with the animating prospect that but few if any new disease will be contracted. We had a fine shower of rain on Tuesday night, and again on Saturday night and a fine white frost on Monday morning which we hope will go far to restore soundness and health to our atmosphere. The unparalleled scenes of suffering and distress with which our town has been afflicted for several weeks, makes any change acceptable, and we take much consolation from the belief that the change of weather will operate favourably upon us."

In the list of deaths we find the names of Andrew McMillan, Cashier of the Branch of the Union Bank; Elizabeth Lawson White step-daughter of Col. Ramsey of the Register; Miss Jane Strong; John Finley, Sr.; Mrs. Lewis Huddings; Miss William Graves; Mrs. J. Roberts; John Marrow, Rev. Thomas H. Nelson, Pastor of the 1st Presbyterian Church.—*Whig.*

A Missouri paper in noticing the late sale of the Canal Fund Loan of Ohio of one million dollars, at a premium of 8 1/4 per cent, asks, "Why can't Missouri make such a loan?" To this question the New York Express replies: "The recent election in their State should be a sufficient answer."

We have published the above from the columns of the Express, not as a specimen of Whig wit, though we have no doubt it was intended for a very smart saying by its sapient author but as a most precious specimen of whig liberality. Because the sterling and honest Democrats of Missouri refused to bend their knees in worship of the god of whig idolatry they are to be scouted and the credit

of their state decived by the organ of the money kings of wall street. The true construction of this answer is, that no State can have credit in wall street, that does not have the whig ticket. If this be so, we opinion there will not be much demand for New York funds.—*Flag of the Union.*

Touch of the Sublime.—Gen. Barriss was on board of the steamboat that burned a few days since on the river below Cincinnati, and escaped without injury. Whereupon the following burst of eloquence comes forth through the Boston Atlas:

"Loco loco flames may roll—but the great waves of toryism may roll, and the great whig champions are uncashed!"

Appropos is the plea of the Iowa lawyer—"Let the nimble goat brows upon the mountain-top, let the humble ass crop the thistles of the valley—but sir, I contend, and fearlessly contend, that Mr. John Grindle, trial-guilty of hog stealing, no more than a toad

are got a tail."

Boatmen.

Extract of a Letter from a gentleman of Natchez, just returned from a Northern tour.

Nothing encouraging in New York when I was there; the banks it is true had rallied, and the thin plaster reign was over, and all eyes were anxiously turned to Philadelphia to learn what course her Banks would pursue with regard to the resumption, when Governor's Proclamation came out, which seemed to settle the question. And it is generally understood that the Banks in the city of Brotherly love would resume on the 13th August. I believe the proclamation was generally looked upon as an electioneering measure, as the Whigs openly made their brags, that it would gain for Ritner five thousand votes.

The celebrated fire in Philadelphia, but just got cold when I arrived there, I visited the ruins of the Hall and was surprised to see that no damage was done to any of the surrounding buildings—it has done more to open the eyes of the Abolitionists than all the talking and writing against their mad schemes would have done in twelve months. It has taught them that there is a point beyond which forbearance ceases to be a virtue, and that there are thousands of men who are ready to lend a hand against their ungodly plans at the North, as well as the South. Mr. Van Buren is in bad odor among most of the Abolitionists whom I conversed with while North; they say that they had hoped when they got a Northern President he would at least have countenanced their measures, but instead he had thrown himself into the arms of the South, and for which *WE THE WHIGS OUGHT TO HAVE HIS THROAT CUT!*

I saw not one Abolitionist but a Van Buren man during my sojourn in the non-slaveholding States, and all the presses on that side are whigs. Witness the language of the Coloured American, a paper published in New York exclusively devoted to the cause of emancipation.—It says, "WE ARE WHIGS, AND VOTE WITH THE WHIGS," and such is the language of almost every abolitionist from Maine to the Potomac.

I see that the reaction has commenced in Alabama, Missouri and Illinois. We have beaten the Whigs gently, and before another election, Indiana, North Carolina and Virginia will have come back and joined us against Henry Clay and a National Bank. I have no doubt that Mr. Niles' epitaph will suit Mr. Clay, as well as if he had written it in 1841 instead of 1833.

The Indian.

Information justifies the use of the Banks in the South.

The many useful measures which you have been able to consider, while the settlement of the civil list and the state of Canada demanded so much of your attention, are a proof of your zeal for the public good. You are so well acquainted with the duties which now devolve upon you in your respective counties that it is unnecessary to remind you of them. In the discharge of them you may securely rely upon my firm support, and it only remains to express my humble hope that Divine Providence may watch over us all and prosper our united efforts for the welfare of our country.

The Lord Chancellor announced that the Parliament stood prorogued till Tuesday, the 11th of October next.

FROM FLORIDA.

We are happy to learn that a detachment of Capt. Rowell's company of Florida Militia, of the 11th inst., while on a scout near the Mouth of the Ocala, surprised Tiger Tail's camp, and fired into it.

The warriors fled on their ponies, and one being on foot, could not overtake them. The detachment consisted of 15 men.

Seven Indians supposed to be about 22. Seven were wounded, and two squaws.

The Clerks were wounded, and one in favor of prisoners, both mortally wounded and died soon after.

The baggage of the Indians was captured. The troops returned to Gibbons' Camp Taylor, when Major J. L. Taylor commenced the pursuit, with a sufficient force.

He and his mounted volunteers, having heard of his success, will suit Mr. Clay, as well as if he had written it in 1841 instead of 1833.

The Indian.

DEATHS.

We have learned that Capt. Rowell, of the 11th Inf., died at St. Louis on the 25th of Sept.

He was born in 1803, and received an education at the University of Georgia.

He was a member of the 11th Inf., and served in the Mexican War.

He was promoted to Captain in 1841, and served in the Mexican War.

He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in 1847, and served in the Mexican War.

He was promoted to Colonel in 1851, and served in the Mexican War.

He was promoted to Brigadier-General in 1855, and served in the Mexican War.

He was promoted to Major-General in 1861, and served in the Mexican War.

Vol. II.

property to which they assert right and title, is that comprised between Cumathie, Lever, Barracks, and Esplanade street. They claim under an ancient grant; and, should they succeed in making their claim good, there will be a considerable boulevard of title deeds, &c. &c. — *N. O. Picayune.*

THE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. OCT. 11, 1838.

JACKSONVILLE FEMALE ACADEMY.—As the public are desirous of obtaining information touching the above named institution, we consider it proper to make known the former action of the Board of Trustees as well as their present prospects for Teachers. Immediately after Miss Thompson was fired from the Academy, the Board adopted such a course as they supposed would speedily secure the services of competent Teachers. For this purpose, they addressed various persons living at different places offering to consider the proposition of all such as might desire to obtain the situation. This resulted in a correspondence with Rev. J. G. Biddle, of Winchester, Ten., whose services in conjunction with those of his lady the Board supposed, they had secured. Some time since however, and contrary to their expectations, the Secretary of the Board received a communication from Mr. Biddle declining the situation, and assigning as a reason that his patrons for the purpose of retaining him had enlarged his salary, and would not consent for him to leave them. The Board of Trustees were consequently very much disappointed, and have not yet been able to secure Teachers, notwithstanding their solicitude on the occasion. Considerable time has therefore elapsed without the advantages of female instruction in the Academy. The Board have, however, made arrangements (if not again disappointed) to place Gentleman and Lady in the Academy on the 1st of January next, who will doubtless give general satisfaction. From their character, the Board have no hesitancy in recommending them to the favorable consideration of the public. The Board also expect Miss Chandler of Mardisville to take charge of the Academy on the 1st of next month, to continue until the opening of the regular session as above stated. This however is not positively certain, though there are such assurances as render it almost so. The Board therefore hope that all will unite in the support of an institution, which, no other (except of a religious character) is of such transcendent importance to the young Ladies of this community. And who will not admit, that where the Ladies are interested, all should be deeply concerned.

N. B. Since the above was in type we have received positive information that Miss Chandler of Mardisville, will be here to-morrow for the purpose of taking charge of the Female Academy.

The New Orleans True American states that information has been received in that city, which justifies the belief that Mexico will soon recognize the Independence of Texas.

The Columbus, (Geo.) Enquirer, says the Banks in that city have resumed specie payments.

Mr. White, formerly member of Congress from Florida, was the principal purchaser at the sale of Talleyrands Library.

DEATH OF GEN. CLARK. Gen. Clark expired at St. Louis on the 1st inst. In conjunction with Capt. Lewis, he performed the celebrated journey to the mouth of the Columbia River, and was one of the first white men that ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. No white man ever possessed so strong an influence with the north-west Indians. It is stated that his signature was known and respected in the farthest west. In his death the Indian Department has suffered a great loss.

RESUMPTION IN NEW-ORLEANS.—The New Orleans Banks have resolved: That on the first Monday in January next, they will unconditionally resume specie payments.

The Whigs have been ringing the cry of "Proscription," throughout the Union. How often have we heard the base slander repeated that "all the Clerks in the Departments at Washington are in favor of the present Administration, and are employed in franking documents and Extra-blobes to operate on the elections. When from the Washington Correspondent of the Democratic Herald we learn that in the Land Office, one of the most democratic departments, there is a decided majority of avowed opponents of the administration. He gives a list of their names, policies and salaries, which we have not room to publish in this week's paper. What a commentary does this furnish to the charge; and how does the practice of the whigs correspond with their profession; when we reflect upon the course they have pursued in Connecticut, Maryland, and every other place where they have possessed the power, conjecture they turned a *hearse driver* from the account of his politics.

The Boston Atlas, the immediate organ of Mr. Webster intimates that he will not be a candidate for the presidency. It no longer considers him among the "availables," but thinks Harrison more "available" than Clay, and will therefore support him.

MAINE ELECTION. In Maine the whigs have suffered a Waterloo defeat. Fairfield the democratic candidate for Governor is elected by about a thousand majority. In the Legislature, the democratic majority is greatly increased, and six of eight members of Congress are democratic, and one member. The Boston Atlas (whig)

says that the general inquiry here is, "Will not the other Banks, and especially the Mont-

gomery Branch, at least do likewise?" We shall see.

P. S. After the above was in type we received the Mobile Register, of the 28th ultimo, from which we learn that the proposition for resumption the 1st January next was supported and voted for, at the Blount Springs Convention, by the Stock Banks at Mobile and the Branch of the State Bank in this city; that the intention of the N. Orleans Banks to resume in January, (not known when the Convention sat,) has determined the Board of the Mobile Branch in favor of that time for resumption; and that there is, therefore, yet hope that an unconditional return to specie payments on the part of our Banks may take place simultaneously with those of N. Orleans. — *Montgomery Advertiser.*

We propose giving a regular series of sketches illustrating the early history, scenery, manners and customs, natural curiosities, &c. &c. of this and the adjacent counties. We have already been promised valuable assistance from one of our contributors, whose first sketch appears in our columns to-day. We would be much obliged to any gentleman who possesses statistical facts or county to communicate them to us.

FOR THE REPUBLICAN.
BOULD SKETCHES OF BENTON COUNTY.
No. 1.

We may, we think, without encountering the charge of a vain boast, claim for our place (Jacksonville) the advantage of possessing a site truly picturesque and romantic. Lying in the Valley of Tallahatchie, just at the foot of the Chocklocko mountains, which bound it on the east and form a beautiful feature in the landscape. This valley throughout, indeed, abounds in fine building spots, and is generally well watered, mostly with lime-stone springs, though there are many of fresh water.

There are several chalybeate springs reputed to have medicinal qualities near this place, and one of sulphur strongly impregnated. This latter of which the water is limpid and sparkling as crystal, is now in the hands of a man of enterprise, and should he be encouraged to go on with the improvements he mediates will no doubt longer render them every way worthy of public patronage and become of immense value to our citizens not only as regards health, but as a very agreeable and convenient resort.

The qualities of this spring have been tested, and it has proved in many and divers instances of powerful efficacy in removing diseases; and we have every reason to believe when adequate accommodations are afforded, that it will at once grow into importance enough to draw visitors, whether of the invalid or idle, from the distance, and thus add to the many advantages our country now affords, to the industrious and enterprising of almost every craft and profession. The Tallahatchie land, if not all of the very best order, is at least richly worth agricultural attention, while the greater part is abundantly luxuriant, and suitable in a greater or lesser degree for every species of cultivation. As a general thing, no new country can be of less prevailing sickness; and it is reduced to certainty that no local cause of disease exists hereabouts. Moreover, as regards the disorders which occasionally make their appearance, they are far from being of a stubborn character, and with few exceptions, such as submit without difficulty to medicine. And of Physicians we have, and this without flattery of the most skilful and prompt. In fact to one fond of experiment and with no great matter of hinderance in his hands, it would be almost worth while to bespeak a small spell of sickness merely to see how neatly he might be cured. He could have choice too, either the regular Faculty, the Botanic, or he might use the Sulphur water, so that in all we lack to make this a second Italy without its Vesuvius, or a Halcon without its Heathen Apollo, is society, and market facilities, and of these if we could only command the one, we could easily secure the other, even fit should not follow as we are inclined to think it would be a necessary consequence almost. We have already many of the materials of a good society, and all we want is something to organize and cultivate them, and impetus to set things a going.

Let us speculate a little—say it is a mere speculation of the imagination. Nothing trust us to interfere with our seniors plans in money, making views. Well then, let us fancy a rail road running through our streets, though for our part we would rather have it just on the other side of Town; but this does not in any thing material disturb our picture, we may leave this point of the exact locality of the rail road to be decided some other time—and so go on to those enterprising, active, scheme-loving spirits who follow in the wake of such like undertakings, and whom we can fancy to settle, as of course they would be the thing to go into operations in some magic built three story brick buildings, so situated as to play themselves off against our fine Court House. Now of this, at the other matters we will discourse anon; but at present we are otherwise engaged, & merely giving it the sanction of general approbation, which it actually merits, saving a slight denur to brick painted pillars—we must again to our railroad. The road of course brings new trade to the place and revives the old. This naturally puts all the capital into active operation, while that capital is of necessity increased almost ad infinitum. Hence people find one common interest are naturally brought into close & frequent association, which tho' at first merely for business purposes, at length results in a more amiable and less interested, intercourse. And thus we have all we want, an easy mode of transportation for our commodities and a fine society. This would do us well to begin with.

Good News!—Partial Resumption in Mobile!—It rejoices us to have even a partial return of reason and justice on the part of any of our Banks, with which to envelop the gloom thrown around them by their recent doings at the Blount Springs. That ray will be found in the following resolution of the Mobile Banks, which has been approved by their respective Directors, and ordered to be published:

Resolved. That on and after the first day of October next, (inst.) the Banks in this City will redeem all their notes of a less denomination than Five Dollars in Specie, at their counters, and that, from and after the first of November next, they will, in like manner, redeem their Five Dollar notes.

GEO. S. GAINES.
Pres't of the Br. Bank of the State, at Mobile.

PHILIP McLOSKY,
Pres'dt of the Planters' & merchants' Bk' of Mobile.

W. R. HALLETT,
President of the Bank of Mobile.

Mobile, September 28, 1838.

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gomery Branch, at least do likewise?" We

shall see.

The whigs, not satisfied with inventing majorities, are inventing new States and claiming splendid victories. The Lincoln Transcript, a little whig paper published in North Carolina, heads one of its splendid whig triumphs, "Illinoian Elections." We will not dispute this victory, having received no returns from that quarter. The democrats have certainly carried Illinois, and if the whigs have triumphed anywhere we think probably it is in Illinois.

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U. S. MAIL ROUTES.

Alabama.

From Columbus, Georgia Mount Ararat at Salem & Calcutta, to Talapoosa Court House.

From Tula-lega, via Abney's old Ferry, on the Coosa River, to Ashville.

From Jacksonville via Alexandria, to Ashville.

From Jacksonville, via White Plains, to Coosa's Store on Cain Creek, N. Ponds, to Talapoosa to Carrollton, Georgia.

From Rome, Georgia, to Gaylesville, Alabama, Lynchburg, Warrenton, White Sulphur Springs and Summerville, to Decatur.

From Walker Court House by Chilton, Mills R. J. Marphe's, and N. Cameron's to Blount's Springs.

From Winchester by Crow Creek, Conn Creek and Bullivar, to Lewing's, in Will Valley.

From Hickory Level by Adrian's Ferry in Coosa River, Abcoochie Gold Mine and Canal Gold Mines, to Franklin, Georgia.

From Fayette, Georgia, by Hopkinsville through the Chattooga Valley by Chattanooga Court House, and Jeffersonville, to Jacksonville, Alabama.

From the Miner's Free Press.

THE PRE-ELECTION BILL.

This bill, which was recommended by Mr.

Van Buren in his message, and which was

so violently opposed by Mr. Clay in the

Senate, passed the House of Representatives

by a very large majority, (107 to 52). This

act of justice to the honest and hardy settlers of the west, is no more than they ought

to have expected. It gives to them a right

to the soil on which they settled at the Gov-

ernment prices, and to which they are justly

entitled. The passage of this bill has politi-

cally used up" Clay.

The language he uttered while it was pend-

ing in the Senate—calling them a lawless

rabble, band robbers, ruffians, &c. &c.—

grated hard upon the people.—They never

will forgive him. He never can apologize

or palliate in the least, the direct char-

ges he has made, or the coarse and abusive

recitations which he uttered on the occa-

sion, against a class of men who are in evi-

ency respect as worthy and a patriotic as the

citizens of any State in the Union.

It is easy to perceive the game Mr. Clay is

now playing; but he never can shield himself

into the good graces of N. Y. and Pennsylvania,

and several other of the old States.

They will not support a man whose prin-

ciples are diametrically opposed to theirs

in the new States, as we before said, be-

cause he is politically used up."

State of Alabama, Coosa County.

WE, the undersigned, General Partners of the following described Company, do hereby certify,

1st. That the business of the company shall be transacted, conducted and carried on under the name, firm and style of "THE WETUMPKA TRADING COMPANY."

2nd. That the said Company will confine their operations strictly to the Mercantile business and all such acts and things as will enable them to carry it on in all its branches and forms. They will also buy, improve and sell real estate to a limited extent—though not in any instance for speculation.

3rd. Isaac Lyon and John D. Chapman of Wetumpka, and Erastus B. Smith, late of New York, are the general partners, and Thomas E. Stone of Georgia, Erastus T. Smith of the State of Massachusetts, and Edmund Lyon and Henry Morgan of the State of New York, are the special partners.

4th. The said Thomas E. Stone, and his friends through him, has put into the common stock the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars; the said Erastus T. Smith, and his friends through him, the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars; the said Edmund Lyon and his friends through him, twenty-five thousand dollars; and the said Henry Morgan, the sum of two thousand dollars and dollars—making in the aggregate, twelve thousand dollars.

5th. That in consideration of the fourth article, in equal proportions, and their friends through them, have put into the common stock the sum of ten thousand dollars, and the said



POETRY.

From the Louisville Journal.
AMERICAN SONG, No. 5.

WHEN THE HEART OF THE MINSTREL IS BREAKING.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE.

When the heart of the minstrel is breaking
With sorrows by others unknown,
And he hears from his young harp, awaking
In darkness, no calm-breathing tone,—
Let him look to the splendors that cluster
Around the bright LAND OF HIS BIRTH,
And forgot in their glorious lustre,
The dark rolling grieves of the Earth!

Oh! who where the blue-beaming river
Dashes on to its home of the deep,
Like an arrow let loose from the quiver,
Could pause on its margin and weep,
When a vision so lovely and splendid,
Like LIBERTY, bursts on the eye,
And it seems that the soul had ascended
The blue-girdled halls of the sky?

What grief, though the heart may be broken,
Should fester his soul when he sees,
Like a brilliant millennial token,
Our Banner unroll'd to the breeze,—
While the Pleiads that shone thro' Creation,
But lost from their homes in the blue,
Seem met on the flag of his nation,
And given again to the view?

When the wind of the morn is unfurling
Its roseate light o'er the vale,
Or the cloud of the tempest is curling
Like the banner of God on the gale,—
Oh! who would permit in that hour
The ills of his lot to overshade
The thought of Columbia's power,
Thus in sunshine an'd darkness displayed?

Then bring forth the Harp so long darkling
Beneath the remembrance of wrong,
And give out its melody sparkling
All o'er with the star-burst of song;
Aye! sing with a spirit unshaken
By the tempests of sori'ow and ill,
And see the bold Patriot awaken
To the words of its melody still.

MODERN DICTIONARY

Bank.—A grandiose in disgrace for the
faces of the poor.

POLITICIAN.—Fashionable hypocrite.

PATRIOT.—An indefinite article, "in
ancient times, signifying love of country we
believe at present it means vilifying politi-
cal opponents.

SOFT SOAP.—An article much used by
aristocrats just before an election, principally
applied by them to working men.

LADY.—A female who cannot cook her
husband's dinner, but is expert in reading
novels, &c.

LOWER CLASS.—Those who support them-
selves and their neighbours by labour.

UPPER CLASS.—All who live upon the
labor of others.

SOMETHING LIKE LIVING.—A brother
typo hailing from Vermont writes a brief ac-
count of his position both official and domes-
tic. Hear him:

"The—goes well—good subscription list
—a nice house—the best garden in the city,
full of all kinds of vegetable—an old horse
—a cow—a squealing pig—wife—little re-
sponsibility—devil—jour—self—that's all—
except a glorious place to go fishing."

What a manifest picture! And what
honest subscribers he must have!

Fast Driving.—"Coachman," said an out-
side passenger to one who was driving at a
furious rate over one of the most mountainous
roads in the North of England, "have you
no consideration for our lives an' limbs?"—
"What are your lives and limbs to me," was
the reply; "I am behind my time!"

Quarterly Review.

A certain person asked a merry Andrew
why he played the fool? For the same reason
he said he, that you do, out of want—I do it
for want of money, and you for want of
sense.

A barrister blind of one eye, pleading with
his spectacles on, said, "Gentlemen, in my
arguments, I shall use nothing but what is
necessary;" then, replied a wag, "take out
one of the glasses of your spectacles."

Epigram.—An old gentleman of the name
of Gould, married a girl of nineteen. He
wrote a letter to a friend informing him of
the happy event, with this couplet:

"So you see, my dear friend, though eighty years
old."

"A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould."

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,
But believe me, dear sir, it is Gould without U."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL be sold before the Court House door,
in the Town of Wedowee Randolph county
Ala., on the first Monday in October next, within
the usual hours of sale, the following property
viz., the North East quarter, of section thirteen,
township seventeen, range nine. The west half
of the southeast quarter; and east half of the
southwest quarter, of section twelve, township
seventeen and range nine, east in the Coosa land
District. Levied on as the property of John
Gooden, to satisfy two fi fu' one in favor of
Walker Reynolds, and one in favor of David Gor-
don.

WILLIS WOOD, SHF.

By his deputy, H. W. HARRIS.

Aug. 23, 1838.—no. 85.—St.

\$200 REWARD.
LOST.

LOST on Tuesday the 21st inst. on the Road
leading from Dr. Quin's to Fort Armstrong
in Cherokee County, Alabama, a black Calfskin
Pocket Book—containing between twenty-seven
and eight hundred Dollars, of which there were
fifty twenty dollar bills of the Western Bank of
Georgia, at Rome, balance Georgia money, to-
gether with a Certificate given to John A. White
for twenty shares in the Western Bank of Geor-
gia; no other papers recollect. It has no doubt
been found by some person near the Georgia line
from the fact, that on my return in search of said
Book, the Blank Book which is usually attached,
was found near that spot. It is possible that the
book and money may have fallen into the hands of
a dishonest person, who may wish to appropriate
its contents to his own use. The public are re-
quested to look out for such person, and if detected
will confer a favor by giving information to the
subcriber in Jefferson, Cherokee County, Al-
abama.

The above reward will be paid to any person
who will return said money to me, or for infor-
mation so that I can recover it.

JOHN A. WHITE.

The Jacksonville Republican will please

give the above four insertions and forward his ac-
count for payment:

To Printers and Publishers.

THE Subscribers have just completed their new
Specimen Book of light faced Book and Job

Printing Types, Flowers and Ornaments, the con-
tents of which are herewith partially given.

Diamond, Pearl, Nos. 1 and 2;

Agate, Nos. 1, 2 and 3;

Agate on Nonpareil body;

Nonpareil, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4;

Minionette, Nos. 1 and 2;

Minion, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4;

Minion on Brevier body;

Brevier on Minion body;

Brevier, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4;

Brevier on Bargois body;

Brevier on Long Primer body;

Bargois, Nos. 1, 2 and 3;

Bargois on Long Primer body;

Long Primer, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4;

Long Primer on Small Pica body;

Small Pica, Nos. 1 and 2;

Pica on Small Pica body;

Pica, Nos. 1, 2 and 3;

Pica on English body;

English, Nos. 1 and 2;

Great Primer, Paragon, Double English;

Double Paragon, Cannon;

Five Line Pica to Twenty;

Eight Line Pica, Gothic Condensed to 25;

Seven Line and Ten Line Pica Ornamental;

6, 7, 9, 12 and 15 lines Pica Shaded;

8, 10, 13 and 16 lines Antique Shaded.

Also, a large and beautiful collection of Flowers,

from pearl to seven lines pica, which are not to
be found in any other specimen, a new assort-
ment of ornamental dashes; a variety of card borders;

over two thousand metal ornaments; brass

plate, leads of various thickness; astronomical and

physical signs; metal and brace dashes, from 3 to

30 cms long; great primer and double pica scripts

on inclined bodies; diamond and nonpareil music

of various kinds; antique light and heavy face two

line letters full face roman and italic nonpareil;

nonpareil, minion and brevier Greek, Hebrew and

Saxon.

A large variety of ornaments, calculated parti-
cularly for the Spanish and South American mar-
kets; Spanish, French and Portuguese accents

furnished to order, with every other article made

use in the printing business. All of which can be

furnished at short notice of good quality and

on reasonable terms as any other establishment

CONNER & COOK.

CORNER of Nassau and Ann streets, New York.

Sept. 1, 1838.

Proprietors of newspapers printed within

the United States or the Canadas, who

will copy the above advertisement three times,

and forward a copy containing the same, will be

entitled to their pay in any type cast at our fea-

tory, provided they take twice the amount of their

bills in type.

The thoroughbred Janus Station

BILLY BARLOW.

WILL commence his Fall Season at my Stable

one mile south of Alexandria, Ala., on the

10th of September, 1838; \$15 the season, paid

at the expiration of the season, \$10 the single visit,

paid at the time of service, \$20 to insure, paid

when the fact is ascertained or the mare parted

with, which forfeits the insurance. All care will

be taken to prevent accidents, but no liability for

any that may happen. The season will end on

the 10th of November, 1838.—6m. SAMUEL ALLEN.

MAY 3, 1838.—6m.

AUGUSTUS YOE.

BILLY BARLOW, is a beautiful red

sorrel, 4 years old last June, was got by Ewell

Moore's noted horse Brimmer, he by Col. Brit-

tain's celebrated quarter horse Old Brimmer,

who was bred by Eben. Bess of Kentucky, well

known to all the sporting world. His grand dam

on his sire's side was Ewell Moore's old Bucy

race mare, well known as the brag nag of Ten-

nnessee, she by old Bucy of West Tennessee, and

her dam by General Martin's Nestor and he by

Mousetrap; her grand dam was Janus and Fear-

not mare, great grand dam by the Imported

Fearnot. Billy Barlow's dam was by Col. Brit-

tain's old Brimmer the dam of Moor's Brimmer,

her dam by old Melton, great grand dam by old

Quicksilver. Thus he combines more of the Jau-

sus blood than perhaps any horse living.

MARCH 22d, 1838.

AUGUSTUS YOE.

SOYBEAN.—A girl of nineteen falls in love with old Gould.

He received a reply in these terms:

"A girl of nineteen may love Gould, it is true,

But believe me, dear sir, it is Gould without U."

SHERIFF'S SALE.

WILL be sold before the Court House door,

in the Town of Wedowee Randolph county

Ala., on the first Monday in October next, within

the usual hours of sale, the following property

viz., the North East quarter, of section thirteen,

township seventeen, range nine. The west half

of the southeast quarter; and east half of the

southwest quarter, of section twelve, township

seventeen and range nine, east in the Coosa land

District. Levied on as the property of John

eyes to keep her from makin' right at you. Now said her mother, lookin' as pleased as a peacock when it's in full rig with head and tail up now, says she, Mr. Slick: you are a considerable judge of paintin'-seen' that you do bronziin' and gillin' so beautiful—now don't you call that splendid! says I: I guess there ain't the beat of it to be found in this country, any how; I never seed any thing like it; you couldn't ditto it in the provin' I know. I guess not said her mother, nor in the next province neither. It sartainly beats all, said I. And so it did, Squire: you'd adied if you'd aseed it, for larfin'. There was the two vessels one right above t'other, a great big black cloud on the top, and a church steeple standin' under the bottom of the schooner. Well, says I, that is beautiful—that's a fact—but the watter, said I, miss: you hav'n't done that yet: when you put that in it'll be complete. Not yet, said she: the greatest difficulty I have in paintin', is in makin' water. Have you tho? said I well that is a pity. Yes, said she: it's the hardest thing to make it look of the right color, and Mr. Acre, our master, said you must always make watter in straight lines in painting, or it ain't natural and ain't pleasein': vessels too are considerable hard; if you make 'em straight up and down they look stiff and ungraceful like, and if you put 'em under sail then you should know all about fixin' the sails the right way for the wind—if you don't its blundersome. I thought I should have snortit right out to hear the little critter run on with such regular bam. Oh dear! said I to myself, what pains some do take to make fools of their children: here's as nice a little heifer as ever was, lettin' off her clapper ran away with her like an unruly horse; she don't know where it will take her to yet, no more than the man in the moon.

As she carried it out again her mother said Now, I take some credit to myself, Mr. Slick for that:—she is throwed away here but I was determined to have her educated, and so I sent her to bordin' school, and you see the effect of her five quarters. Afore she went, she was three years to the combined school in this district, that includes both Dalhouse and Shanbrooke; a seminary for young gentlemen and ladies where they learn Latin, Latin and English combined. Oh latten said I; they larn latten there, do they?—Well, come, there is some sense in that: I didn't know there was a factory of it in all Nova Scotia. I know how to make latten father sent me clean away to New York to larn it. You mix up calamine and copper, and it makes a brass as near like gold as one pea is like another. Oh! a knowledge of latten has been a great service to me in the clock trade, you may depend. It has helped me to a nation sight of the genuine metals—that's a fact.

Why, what on earth are you atalkin' about? said Mrs. Green. I don't mean that latten at all; I mean the Latin they larn at schools. Well, I don't know, said I; I never seed any other kind o' latten, nor ever heard tell of any. What is it? Why, it's a—it's a—

Oh, you know well enough, said she only you make as if you didn't, to pote fun at me. I believe, on my soul, you've been abammin' of me the whole blessed time. I hope I be shot if I do, said I; so do tell me what it is. Is it any thing in the silk factory line, or the straw-plat, or the cotton warp way? Your head, said she, considerate muffy, is always a runnin' on a factory. Latin is a—. Nabal, said she, do tell me what Latin is. Latin, says he,—why, Latin is—ahem, it's—what they teach at the Combined School. Well, says she, we all know that as well as you do. Mr. Wisedhead; but what is it? Come here. Arabella dear, and tell me what Latin is? Why, Latin, ma, said Arabella, is,—am-o, I love; am-at, he loves; am-amus, we love;—that's Latin. Well, it does sound dreadful pretty, tho', don't it? says I; and yet, if Latin is love and love is Latin, you hadn't no occasion, and I got up, and slipt my hand into hers—you had'nt no occasion to go to the Combined School to larn it; for nature, says I, teaches that a—and I was whisperin' of the rest o' the sentence in her ear, when her mother said,—Come, come, Mr. Slick, what's that you are sayin' of? Talkin' Latin, says I—awinkin' to Arabella;—ain't we miss? Oh yes, said she—returnin' the squeeze of my hand larfin';—oh yes, mother, after all he understands it complete. Then take my seat here, says the old lady, and both on you sit down and talk it, for it will be a good practice for you;—and away she sailed, to the end of the room, and left us a—talking Latin.

I hadn't been asittin' there long afore doctor Ivory Hovey came up, asmrinkin' and a smilin', and arubbin' of his hands, as if he was agoin' to say somethin' very witty; and I observed, the moment he came, Arabella took herself off. She said she couldn't hide him at all. Well, Mr. Slick, said he how are you? how do you do, upon an average ch? Pray, what's your opinion of matters and things in general, eh? Do you think you could exhibit such a show of fine bloomin' galls in Slickville, eh? Not a bad chance for you, I guess;—(and he gave that word guess a twang that made the folks larf all around)—said he for you to speckilate for a wife, eh? Well, says I, there is a pretty show o' galls,—that's sartain,—but they wouldn't condescend to the like o' me. I was atlin' there was some on 'em that would gisst suit you to a T. Me, says he, a drawin' of himself up and looking big,—me,

and he turned up his nose like a pointer dog when the birds flew off. When I honor a lady with the offer of my hand, says he, it will be a lady. Well, thinks I, if you ain't a consaited critter it's a pity; most on 'em are a plaguy sight too good for you, so I will git pay you off in your own coin. Says I, you put me in mind of Lawyer Endicott's dog. What's that? says the folks acrowdin' round to hear it, for I seed plain enough that not one on 'em liked him one morsel. Says I, he had a great big black dog that he used to carry about with him every where he went, into the churches and into the court. The dog was always abotherin' of the judges, agittin' between their legs, and they used to order him to be turned out every day, and they always told the lawyer to keep his dog to home. At last, old Judge Person said to the constable one day, in voice of thunder: Turn out that dog! and the judge gave him a kick that sent him half-way across the room, velpin' and bowlin' like any thing. The lawyer was properly vexed at this, so says he to the dog. Pompey, says he, come here! and the dog came up to him. Didn't I always tell you, said he, to keep out o' bad company? Take that, said he, agivin' of him a'most an awful kick—take that!—and the next time only go among gentlemen; and away went the dog, lookin' foolish enough, you may depend. What do you mean by that are story, sir? said he, abrastin' up like a mastiff. Nuthin', says I; only that a puppy sometimes gets into company that's no good for him, by mistake and, if he forgets himself, is plaguy apt to get hauled out faster than he came in;—and I got up and walked away to the other side.

Folk gave him the nickname of Endicott's dog after that and I was glad on it; it served him right, the consaited ass.

Next day, I met Nabal. Well, said he, Mr. Slick, you hit your young trader rather hard last night; but I warn't sorry to hear you, tho', for the critter is so full of conceit, it will do him good.

And between you and me, Mr. Slick, said I, tho' I hope you won't let on to any one that I said anything to you about it—but between ourselves, as we are alone here, I am thinkin' my old woman is in a fair way to turn Arabella's head too. All this paintin', and singin', and talkin' Latin is very well, I canasit, for them who have time for it, nothing better perhaps for the matter of that than adoin' of nothin'; but for the lik o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were as little out of place. Ie, candid now, said he, for I should like to hear what your real genuine opinio is touchin' this matter, sezin' that you know a deal.

This alarmed me extremely, for a moment I thought that destruction was inevitable. She however, answered her helm sweetly and we ran along the edge, the waves foaming around us in every form, while she was dancin' gaily over them. The sensations I experienced are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running round of diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated toward the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumblin', rushing to the vortex: very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing, roaring, dashin'—all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, solemn sight, I ever experienced.

We were near it about eighteen minutes, and in sight of it about two hours. It is evidently a subterranean passage, that leads the Lord knowz where. From its magnitude I should not doubt that instant destruction would be the fate of a dozen of our largest ships, were they drawn in at the same moment. The pilot says that several vessels have been sucked down and that whale also have been destroyed: The first I think probable enough, but I rather doubt the latter.—*Mich. Herald.*

From the Richmond (Va.) Religious Herald.

DON'T SUBSCRIBE FOR THAT BOOK
TO THE NORTHERN BOOK AGENT.
BROTHER SANDS. I wish through your valuable columns to revo my warning voice against a practice which has done much to injure us in Virginia, as well as in other places. I refer to the practice of subscribing to northern agents, who come among us for every book which they recommend. In this warning, I have not one word to say against northern book makers and book publishers. No, far from this. I highly appreciate their valuable labor. The South has, for many years, will have, to look to the North for most of its books; and I, for one, have not the least objection. But that is no reason why we should suffer ourselves to be gulled by every man who wishes us to subscribe to him for a book.

Yours, &c. C. B.

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:

BROOKLYN, Sept. 29, 1838.

Gentlemen:—Subjoined I send you an extract from a letter written by a friend in Montreal. As it will afford the public some idea of the state of feeling at present existing in the lower Province, I send it for insertion in your paper.

Yours, &c. C. B.

MONTREAL, Sept. 25, 1838.

You have seen or heard of the late act passed in the House of Lords by Lord Brougham and others, declaring Lord Durham's acts illegal. These measures, which have originated no doubt in personal dislike to that nobleman, have led him to throw up the reins of the government and to order a vessel of war in readiness to take him home, not later than the 7th of October. This has caused in the British portion of the population of Lower-Canada feelings of the deepest possible regret, for they have in prospect every evil to contemplate. Something must be done speedily, or these colonies are lost to the mother country. Lord Durham had seemed to be the mediator destined to bring about a better state of things in Canada, but through the culpable ignorance of some men calling themselves Lords, in the upper house of Parliament, this country is to be totally ruined.

2. We expose ourselves to be cheated by others. We do not usually see the book for which we are asked to subscribe, but it is described to us by the agents. When the book is delivered, it is not what it was promised to be. Here we are cheated; and the agent goes off with our money. This has just been the case with a work that has been circulated among us. I mean "The Lives of the Apostles." I told the agent, who asked

for my name to the subscription for that work that I could not give the price, \$3. His reply was, give me your name, and you need not pay that price; you may pay what you think proper. I subscribed; and lo! another agent was sent to deliver the work, who knew nothing of all this; and I had to pay \$3 for a book bound in sheepskin, and not worth more than \$1.50. Thus we are cheated.

3. We injure our regular book merchants who sell us books on better terms. It is against our own interest as well as against theirs, to do this.

4. We are encouraging a set of men to come and live upon us at our expense. Why should we do this, when we can do better by refusing to encourage them?

For the above reasons, and others that might be named, I AM DETERMINED NEVER TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANOTHER NORTHERN AGENT FOR ANY BOOK. If all will form this resolution, and express it firmly, we shall soon be relieved from a troublesome tax.

OBSERVER.

THE MELSTROOM WHIRLPOOL.
Letter from a gentleman in Washington to the Hon. A. B. Woodward, Judge of Middle Florida.

This wonderful phenomenon, that has excited the wonder and astonishment of the world I have seen. There are few of my countrymen who have had the opportunity in consequence of the situation of it being remote from any part of commerce. Its latitude and longitude I do not exactly recollect. It is situated between two islands, belonging to a group of the coast of Norway, called the Low-in-Skag Islands between Drontheim being the most northern point of commerce and the North Cape. I suppose the latitude to be about 69 north; but will not be certain.

I had occasion some years since to navigate a ship from North Cape to Drontheim nearly all the way between the islands or rocks and the main. On inquiring of my Norway pilot, about the practicability of running near the whirlpool, he told me that with a good breeze it could be approached safely enough for examination without danger. I had ones determined to satisfy myself and singin', and talkin' Latin is very well, I canasit, for them who have time for it, nothing better perhaps for the matter of that than adoin' of nothin'; but for the lik o' us, who have to live by farmin', and keep a considerable of a large dairy, and upwards of a hundred sheep, it does seem to me sometimes as if it were as little out of place. Ie, candid now, said he, for I should like to hear what your real genuine opinio is touchin' this matter, sezin' that you know a deal.

This alarmed me extremely, for a moment I thought that destruction was inevitable. She however, answered her helm sweetly and we ran along the edge, the waves foaming around us in every form, while she was dancin' gaily over them. The sensations I experienced are difficult to describe. Imagine to yourself an immense circle, running round of diameter of one and a half miles, the velocity increasing as it approximated toward the centre, and gradually changing its dark blue color to white—foaming, tumblin', rushing to the vortex: very much concave, as much so as the water in a tunnel when half run out; the noise too, hissing, roaring, dashin'—all pressing on the mind at once, presented the most awful, grand, solemn sight, I ever experienced.

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JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1838.

Whole No. 92

VOL. II. No. 41.

EDITED, PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, EVERY THURSDAY
BY J. F. GRANT.

At \$20 in advance, or \$3 00 at the end of the year. No subscription received for less than one year, unless paid in advance; and no subscription discontinued until all arrears are paid; unless at the option of the editor. A failure to give notice at the end of the year of a wish to discontinue will be considered an engagement the next.

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A liberal discount will be made on advertisements inserted for six or twelve months.

Drs. FRANCIS & CLARK,
HAVING associated themselves in the
Practice of Medicine, respectfully
offer their services to the citizens
of Benton and the adjoining counties. Their
office is on the west side of the public square, at
which place they may at all times be found unless
professionally absent.

Jacksonville, May 30, 1838.—tj.

R. E. W. McADAMS,
Clock & Watch Repairer:
WOULD respectfully inform the public, that he has located permanently in the Town of Jacksonville and will be ready at all times to execute in the best manner, and without delay, any work that may be left with him. His shop is on the north side of the public square, in the store room formerly occupied by Mitchell and Pryor.

Jacksonville, September 20, 1838.—12m.

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having disposed of his entire Stock of Goods, and being anxious to close his business, respectfully requests those indebted to him to come forward and settle their accounts either by Cash or Note.

EDWARD ELAM.

Jacksonville, Oct. 18, 1838.—4t.

J. N. Lightner & Wm. Miller,
RESPECTFULLY inform their friends and the public, that they continue the
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING BUSINESS,

RECEIVING & STORING

COTTON

In WETUMKA, in the Large and well known

WARE-HOUSE,

which, together with their own New COTTON SHOPS, will enable them to Store COTTON &c. in safe and Dry Houses, and on the cheapest terms, their ware houses being very near the Landing.

Their arrangements for receiving and forwarding Goods and Cotton, and Re-shipping, are such as will insure promptness, and also make it the interest of their friends to continue their patronage, which they respectfully solicit.

Liberal advances always made when required.

P. S. Office at the Store of Lightner & Miller, on Main st. who are now receiving and will keep on hand a general assortment of

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, &C. which will be sold low or advanced on Cotton Stored in the ware house of Lightner & Miller.

Oct. 18, 1838.—tj.

CANE CREEK

COTTON SACKS

THE undersigned respectfully informing the public, that his Cotton Factory is now in complete operation on Cane Creek 5 miles below Alton, and that he has now on hands, and for sale on the most reasonable terms, a large quantity of Spun Cotton of all sizes and as good quality as can be spun at any Factory.

He also continues the

Wool Carding Business

At the same place, at the usual rates, and returns his sincere thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal patronage heretofore received.

Persons wishing to have wool carded, would do well to bring it early in the season, before the weather gets too cold.

Oct. 11, 1838.—st. HENRYSHRADER.

\$200 REWARD.

LOST.

LOST on Tuesday the 21st inst. on the Road leading from Dr. Quin's to Fort Armstrong Cherokee County, Alabama, a black Calfskin Pocket Book—containing between twenty-seven and eight hundred Dollars, of which there were fifty twenty dollar bills of the Western Bank of Georgia, at Rome, balance Georgia money, together with a Certificate given to John A. White for twenty shares in the Western Bank of Georgia; no other papers recollect. It has no doubt been found by some person near the Georgia line from the fact, that on my return in search of said book, the Blank Book which is usually attached, was found near that spot. It is possible that the book and money may have fallen into the hands of a dishonest person, who may wish to appropriate its contents to his own use. The public are requested to look out for such person, and if detected, will confer a favor by giving information to the subscriber in Jefferson, Cherokee county, Alabama.

The above reward will be paid to any person who will return said money to me, or for information so that I can recover it.

Aug. 28—4t. JOHN A. WHITE.

The Jacksonville Republican will please give the above four insertions and forward his account for payment.

W. R. WINSTON,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING MERCHANT,
MOBILE, ALABAMA.

DESHA, BRADFORD & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
MOBILE, ALABAMA.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM THE
HERMITAGE.

The following letter was addressed to the junior Editor by his old and valued friend, the accomplished Editor of the Free Trader. It was delayed so long by the mails that it did not reach her till after the departure of Col. Lester to attend the military reviews in the Southern part of the State. The letter was evidently written in haste, and not designed for the Press, but we take the responsibility to lay it before our readers.

NASHVILLE, September 8, 1838.

FRIEND LESTER:—In compliance with my promise I drop you a few lines relative to the retired Chieftain of the Hermitage whom we have just returned from visiting.

The old Hero received us with his usual urbanity and presented us to his interesting adopted family; and to your friend Col. Earle. The venerable Ex-President is quite feeble but in fine spirits, and his mind appears to be as vigorous as when his body was in the perennial pride of manhood. His frame is bowed down by the weight of years of toil and exposure in the service of a country that has proved herself grateful by awarding to him her highest honors. I could not help upon that splendid wreck of physical greatness, illuminated as it still is by almost superhuman intelligence and prophetic fore-sight, without a feeling of awe mingled with my devotion and love. If there ever was a man whose personal appearance and conversation could arouse the best feelings and purest aspirations of the human heart, that man is Gen. Andrew Jackson. Those who have abused him most, have known him least. Could they see him now at his retreat surrounded by the young and the beautiful; him the self-willed general, the proud conqueror, the great statesman, the lofty genius, the incorruptible patriot, as unpretending as the most lowly who receive hospitality at his hands, think the spirit of malice itself would be shamed to silence, though well might the General be envied his sweet and happy

I need speak to you of the different members of the family of the Hermitage, nor of the landscape beauties of the place, as you have enjoyed the society of the former and feasted your eyes upon the latter. We have kindly shown the various valuable tributes to the bravery and talents of Gen. Jackson, presented by individuals, by States and by Congress at different periods of the eventful life of the greatest man America can boast. All these, too, you have seen. The majority of the paintings that now adorn the drawing room I think have been put up since your visit. You know, as you enter the hall, the first door that opens into the drawing room is upon your left, advancing through it you have in full view, upon the wall, portraits of the Ex-President and his deceased consort, placed one on either side of the chimney. Directly opposite hangs the portrait of Andrew Jackson Jr. and his Lady. Upon the pier table at the head of the room between the front windows stands a bust of Gen. Jackson, & directly over it a portrait of President Van Buren, the best I ever saw. Pass thro' the folding doors and you see over the pier-table at the lower end of the room the portrait of our Minister to Spain, Maj. Eaton, and that he has now on hands, and for sale on the most reasonable terms, a large quantity of Spun Cotton of all sizes and as good quality as can be spun at any Factory.

He also continues the

Wool Carding Business

At the same place, at the usual rates, and returns his sincere thanks to his friends and customers for the liberal patronage heretofore received.

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see how the grounds were laid out in front of the Hermitage; well, the avenues now wind to the house describing the neck and body of a guitar, the extremity of the neck being the entrance at the gate. It is certainly an unique design and is as beautiful as uncommon.

Mrs. Jackson did the honors of the table with all that care and grace that characterized her when mistress of the "white house" at Washington. She is a beautiful lady and was so extremely kind and communicative Mrs. B. and myself were delighted with her. She has three lovely children to whom Gen. Jackson is much attached.

The day of our arrival and the following one, I conversed a great deal with the Ex-President about banks, politics, and the welfare of the country generally. Col. Polk's Shelbyville speech had just been read; the General was highly pleased with it said that Col. Polk had been tried a long time and was a man upon whose political integrity the people could rely; had full confidence in the patriotism of the people of Tennessee; and did not believe they would ever support a National Bank man if the issue were fairly made.

I was agreeably surprised to find the old Hero intimately acquainted with the local politics of every section of Mississippi; a mind like his grasps and retains everything. He highly approbated our Governor for the check he gave to the mad career of our banks, and demonstrated in few words that a staple State like Mississippi grows richer the nearer she approaches a specific circulation; for, as the price of our cotton is regulated by a foreign market, the multiplication of banks at home only increases the expense of production, without enhancing the value of the product. He says that all the enormous profits made by the banks as well as the great tax which every consumer pays to the extent of the depreciation of paper are abstracted from the labor of the country; and that the banks have a demoralizing effect upon the community. The truth of these words every Mississippian has become sensible of, and I trust the next Legislature will reform the banks and restore order; they will if they obey the wishes of their constituents.

The General appeared highly gratified that Lowndes and Monroe counties were right; and that old Lawrence and Covington were still true to their principles.

We left the Hermitage with regret. At parting, as the "God bless you" of the worn Hero fell upon my ear, and the beams of his moistened eye met mine, I felt that I had received the benediction of the favored of Heaven, both in war and in peace. That visit and those parting words will long be remembered.

L. A. B.

P. S. I entertain no doubt of the success of Mr. Polk. He will traverse the whole State and visit every hamlet.

From the Washington Chronicle.

COMMERCIAL INDEPENDENCE OF THE
SOUTH

There is nothing at which the papers at the North so much delight to sneer, as at this idea: How presumptuous, exclaim they, are these Southern people, in supposing they can compete with us. What are their natural advantages when compared with ours? Not quite so fast, gentlemen. If you have all these natural advantages of which you boast, may be contented with them, and do not enlist in your behalf the artificial benefits conferred by the fiscal action of the Government. If it be true, that God and nature have endowed you with this commercial superiority, why make us the further instruments of our own depression? We are not jealous of your advantages or of your prosperity. All we ask is a clear field, and no favor. We know that before the Revolution and for some time after it, we did our own trade and we know that it has gradually declined to its present low ebb, ever since a National Bank concentrated the fiscal action of the Government in the cities North of the Potowmack.

We are loth to believe that nature has disqualified us for commercial prosperity. We cannot see why we should not be our own factors, as we were in times which are gone by. We can easily understand how the mercantile employment of the 20 or thirty millions collected by the Government, must give an unfair advantage to the community which enjoys its use. Once establish such a system, and it increases in a fearful ratio; with a sort of geometrical progression. When Venice was the factor of the West and the East, she became the emporium of the world, and her merchants were princes. When Antwerp was the grand depot of Northern Europe, one of her burghers could bestow a million upon an Emperor. Now we wish to participate in these advantages. We know that commerce is the civilizer and enricher of nations. We know that he who commands the sea, possesses the earth. We know that the nation which neglects trade, languishes in all the arts of peace, and the glories of civilization. We are at length aroused from our stupor. We think we have discovered one grand cause those who trade on borrowed capital, must

M. I don't know: Bill was a good fellow, and every body thought he would get rich.

F. Well, he told me he could not sell goods as low as you do, "because his capital was borrowed," and he had to pay interest upon it, when most of the capital you employ is your own, and you have no interest to pay except on occasional loans from the banks.

M. Quite likely: six or seven per cent. is a sad deduction from a storekeeper's profits, and it is reasonable to suppose that a man who trades on his own money can make profit at lower prices than one who uses none but borrowed capital.

F. You admit what every body knows, and it proves the reverse of the principle you just now laid down. It proves, that those who trade on borrowed capital, must

feel how the grounds were laid out in front of the Hermitage; well, the avenues now wind to the house describing the neck and body of a guitar, the extremity of the neck being the entrance at the gate. It is certainly an unique design and is as beautiful as uncommon.

M. I suppose it does in some cases. F. Squire, you make us farmers support your newspapers, for which we do not subscribe.

M. How can you make that out?

F. Here you have advertised your new goods in the Federal paper, filling half a column, costing ten dollars, I suppose. Now, what have you put out this advertisement for?

M. To let the country people know we have a fine stock of goods, to be sure.

F. But what do you want them to know that for?

M. That they may come and buy.

F. And do they come and buy, I suppose, in consequence of your advertisement?

M. O yes, the store was crowded the day after the advertisement came out.

F. Now, did you not, in consequence, make ten times as much as the advertisement cost, and do you not pay for that and all your advertisements out of your profits?

M. Certainly.

F. As you pay for your newspaper subscriptions also, for every mouthful of bread you eat, for the wine you drink, for the carriage you ride in, and for the house you live in.

M. Ha ha, ha!

F. As laughable as you think the assertion, it is nevertheless true. You pay for your papers and buy all these things with the profits of your business: do you not?

M. We have no other means to purchase

F. And whom do you make your profits out of but the farmers? You buy our wheat and corn, it is true: but where do you get the money? I paid you a hundred dollars for goods the other day, and I saw you pay a ten dollar note of that very money to my neighbour, Mr. Sickles, for ten bushels of wheat. Did you not make a profit of more than ten dollars in the one hundred I paid you?

M. Certainly.

F. As you say the farmers do not pay the interest on the public money you borrow from the banks. Now, I say the farmers do pay it.

M. The farmers pay it! How so?

F. When you borrow a thousand dollars of the public money, and buy goods for it, do you not make a profit by it?

M. Certainly—otherwise I should be a fool to borrow.

F. How do you make a profit by it?

M. By buying the goods low and selling them high.

F. To whom do you sell your goods?

M. Mostly to the farmers.

F. So when you have bought goods with the public money borrowed, you put on a price high enough to pay the interest; and afford you a profit besides.

M. Certainly.

F. And then you sell the goods at these high prices to the farmers who give you enough for them to restore the borrowed money,

for some time past been keeping up with their tribes along the whole extent of our Indian border.—The chief of the Lipan tribe, when in this City, is known to have exclaimed on concluding the treaty with our Government: "Let us see who will be the first to break it"—and he has broken it! So much for treaties with these savages.

From the United Service Journal.
EXTRAORDINARY SECT OF FANATICS IN INDIA.

Ever since I have been in India I have heard of a class of Mussulmans, the disciples of a sect or saint, by name Shaikh Ruffai, who in order to impress the unbelievers with the truth of the Mussulman's faith, imparted to his followers the power of plunging swords and daggers into their bodies, cutting off their tongue, frying it and putting it together again; cutting off the head and limbs, scooping out the eye, and in truth, doing with their bodies whatever it pleased them to do; all of which Colonel G——, in company with a clergyman, a Mr. R——, had seen when the latter grew sick and ran out of the place declaring it was the power of Satan, which to this day he believes, and the Colonel, that it is done through the power of the art magic at which, I, of course, laughed and declared that so soon as a man of the regiment (by the name of Shaikh Kureen, one of these Ruffai) should return from furlough I would witness the exhibition.

A large tent was accordingly pitched and fifty lamps furnished, and plates full of arsenic, and quantities of a plant of the cactus tribe, filled with a milky juice, a drop of which, if it fall on your skin, blisters it, and a vast quantity of the common glass bangles or bracelets, worn by the women, and daggers and swords, and things like thick steel skewers, and other horrid weapons like a butcher's steel, only with a handle covered with chains, and about 20 Ruffais to beat all manner of drums, and so, when all was ready, about five of the officers left the mess to I with myself, and along with us about a hundred sepoys crowded into the tent. When we were seated and silence obtained, the work commenced by a sort of chant from their sacred books, the drum beaters joining in and keeping time; the chant increased in length both in noise and velocity until, having worked themselves into an ecstasy, they seized hold of the instruments, the body kept in a sort of swinging motion, plunged the skewer instrument, one through each cheek, another through the tongue, third through the throat, & then commenced stabbing themselves with sword's and daggers, and all sorts of nasty instruments. Others cut off their tongue, and having roasted it in the fire, put it in their mouth again, when it immediately united they eat the arsenic and the blistered milk plant, whilst others munched the glass bangles as though they were the greatest delicacies. This was all done within half yard of my knees, for they came up close to me with many lamps in order that I might see their woe no deception; and I do assure you that it made me sick and prodded anything but an agreeable sensation on my mind, for to this moment I know not what to think of it. I am not superstitious; and although the colonel and numerous most respectable natives had declared to me that they did actually do these things, and that if a sense were to be in any manner trusted, they had seen it all done, I would, nevertheless, not believe it. I was told before-hand, that it required faith and purity on the part of the performer, and that not a drop of blood would follow, but that otherwise, a few drops of blood would sometimes follow the instruments and the performer would receive some slight injury.

On taking my departure from the tent, I happened to say that I should, at all events, think more highly of their prowess if I saw them exhibit in the open face of day, and divested of noise, motion, paraphernalia, &c. On the following day, while reclining on my couch, at about two o'clock, reading an English newspaper, without a servant or a soul near me, in rushed their Kazzee, (priest or judge,) his hand full of instruments, which throwing upon the ground, he seized and plunged it through his cheek on the left side another on the right a third through his tongue upwards, so that it stuck into his nose another through his throat; he then stabbed himself with bright sharp crease, which entered his body about three inches; not a drop of blood fell. He was going to cut off his tongue, when I begged of him to desist. I was, in truth, perfectly nauseated at the sight. The man was in a state of frenzy and really looked frightful, his face stuck full of instruments, and stabbing and cutting himself with all his might. I sang out for some people and turned him out.

I have now told you what I have seen, and yet I will not ask you to believe it, for I know not myself what to think. There are many persons of very strong minds in other respects who firmly believe, and who do not hesitate to declare their belief, that although driven out of Christendom, demonology, witchcraft, necromancy, and the entire list of black and forbidden arts and powers are abroad and in full existence in India. And I must declare that I will never again trust my sense if I did not see all that I have told you. I examined the instruments; I saw them drawn out of the flesh, and no scar or blood or mark left.

The first person who had a bowie knife made in this country, was the father of Col. James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. The old man was originally from Scotland, and settled a plantation up the Red river. He used it altogether as a hunting and a cane knife.—Col. James Bowie, or as he was more familiarly called, Jim Bowie, improved upon it as he thought, and first used the weapon

is believing," I can scarcely say that I believe what before a court of justice I would swear I have seen.

From the N. Y. Knickerbocker.
EFFECTS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

An observer of events which have occurred on this continent and in Europe, during the last sixty years, would ascribe to some cause the mighty effects which has been produced. He has seen the downfall of the despotism in France, succeeded by a brutality of crime, and a fierceness of cruelty which fill him with dismay. He has beheld that same France pass through many tribulations to an elective monarchy; and now exempt from domestic disquiet, sitting down in the enjoyment of security and peace. He has seen Greece and Belgium taking their rank as nations, under liberal forms of Government. He has beheld the political agitations which have shaken the rest of Europe, in the contests for freedom. He has seen the time-honored institutions of venerable England made obedient to the spirit of the age, and the practice made conformable to the theory of her Government. He has beheld in the American hemisphere a succession of republics, modelled upon the same principles with our own rise into existence. He beholds, even now, others attempting to throw off the European yoke, and struggling for independence.

Where will the inquirer look for the origin of these stupendous events? Where will he seek the springs of that impulse which has given to the human mind a velocity so increased, a tendency so upward? He will seek it in that potent influence which has opened the rich fountains of personal and civic virtue; which has vivified and expanded the principles of knowledge; which has quickened the spirit, by enlarging the means of international commerce. In a word, he will seek it in the Revolution of 1776. I cannot more beautifully portray the expansive influence which America is destined to exert in the moral regeneration of man, than by concluding in the glowing lines of her own Breyton:

A gem worth gathering into the garner of memory.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out when I meet with the grief of parents upon the tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we soon must follow, when I see kings lying with those who deposed them, when I consider rivals laid side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions and debates of mankind; when I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—*Addison.*

A true Gentleman.—A true gentleman is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man; his virtue is his business, his study his recreation, contentedness his rest and his reward: God is his father and the church is his mother, the saints his brethren, all that need him his friends, and heaven his inheritance; Religion his mistress, Loyalty and Justice his two maids of honor. Devotion is captain, Chastity his chamberlain, Sobriety his butler, Temperance his cook, Hospitality his housekeeper, Providence his steward, Charity his treasure, Pity his mistress of the house, and Discretion his porter, to let in and out, as is most fit. Thus is the whole family made of virtues, and he is the true master of the family. He is necessitated to take the world in his way to heaven, but he walks through it as fast as he can; but all his business by the way is to make himself and others happy. Take him all in two words, he is a man and a Christian.

Beautiful Extract.—The following beautiful extract is taken from Wilson Cowsworth in the last number of the Knickerbocker Magazine.

The land of William Penn is the only soil purchased by the blood of the natives. A feeling of peace came over as I thought of this, and called to mind the scene where he is represented as treating with the Indians. The design is magnificent.

How firm must have been the principle of that man! What a religion that must be which fortifies a man to go without armor or shield into the midst of a savage tribe, relying upon the efficacy of his purity of purpose, and the dignity of his sentiments, to protect him! How much is such heroism beyond the daring of the warrior! The one is moral, the other physical courage. Is there in all history a character that approaches nearer the character of Christ than his? His weapons were meekness and love; he went about doing good; he endured adversity with patience, and would have suffered martyrdom for his faith. His principles of peace, are getting to be principles of the whole civilized world. Thus much he was in advance of his age. As I touched the soil of Penn, I determined to seek out a home in some community of Friends.

Land Slides on the Mississippi.—The low stage of water has occasioned the caving in of the earth at the landing of almost every town on the banks of the Mississippi. The first accident of the sort occurred at New Orleans, which swallowed up portion of the wharves along the Picayune Tier. The next happened at Vicksburg, and recently two others, at Rodney and Natchez. In the latter place the land cracked in two places near the cotton press, and extended as low down as the Steam Boat Hotel. The walls of the cotton warehouse near the press were cracked considerably, and it is supposed they will have to be removed. A gentleman direct from Rodney, states that a portion of the town has fallen into the river, and that two houses have been totally destroyed by the caving in of the earth. No tidings of a similar disaster at Grand Gulf have yet reached us; and, protected as that place is by the rocky abutments of the Gulf Hills, there is a probability that it may escape the general mischief.

THE BOWIE-KNIFE.

The papers the other day had a great deal of twaddle about the origin of the bowie knife; their statements were entirely wrong. The first person who had a bowie knife made in this country, was the father of Col. James Bowie, who was killed in the Alamo. The old man was originally from Scotland, and settled a plantation up the Red river. He used it altogether as a hunting and a cane knife.—Col. James Bowie, or as he was more familiarly called, Jim Bowie, improved upon it as he thought, and first used the weapon

in a duel. He became notorious by his bloody duel at Iberville, on the Plaquemine Bayou in Louisiana; he was there shot down and as his antagonist was stooping over him to dispatch him, Bowie seized him by the waist, and cut him nearly in half with his knife. The "brother" of Jim Bowie" spoken of in the Express as the inventor of the knife, is Reason Bowie, who lately lived at Thibaudauville, on the Bayou La Fourche, near Lake Chico, Louisiana. He is nearly blind; and so far from being what he is described in the Express used to be a perfect rowdy, as was Jean Bowie himself. Again the Express says Jim Bowie used the knife at the Alamo. This is untrue; he was sick and helpless, and was butchered in bed. Col. Almonte told the writer of this article so; and Jim Bowie himself informed us of the history and origin of the knife as described above. This was also corroborated by Dr. Grant, of New Iberia, Attakapas, in whose possession we saw the original Bowie knife in 1836. The knife found with Col. Bowie's baggage, in the Alamo, is now in the possession of Miss Charlotte Cushman, of the Park Theatre.

N. Y. Transcript.

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The Indians kept up a horrible "pow wow" aboard the brig. During all one day and night the Indians kept up a horrible "pow wow" aboard the brig; there were about fifty in number. The next day the Indians left the brig for a short time, when the poor man crept out from his hiding place, discovered and haled the wrecking sloops America and Moamnt Vernon, and by them was taken off, the Indians again appearing in sight after he had left the brig. The Indians will wreck the brig.

[We are informed by Capt. Howard, of the Madison, who examined the wreck, said to be the Tharacian, that he is of opinion that sufficient evidence does not exist of its identity with that vessel. None of the crew of the ship in question were saved. She was evidently a new Boston built ship. She had on board a locomotive engine named "Camen," directed to Hyde & Comstock, N. O. The rest of her cargo seemed to consist of domestic goods, bar and tire iron, a carriage, saddles and harness, nails and machinery.

I have seen a young man sell a good farm, merchant, and die in an insane hospital.

I have seen a farmer travel about so much that there was nothing at home worth looking at.

I have seen a rich man's son begin where his father left off, and end where his father began penniless.

I have seen a worthy farmer's son die away years of the prime of life in dissipation, and end his career in a poor house.

I have seen the disobedience of a son, down the gray hairs of his father to the grave.

I have seen a young girl marry a young man of dissolute habits, and repent of it as long as she lived.

I have seen the extravagance and folly of children, bringing their parents to poverty and want, and themselves into disgrace.

I have seen a prudent, industrious wife, reverse the fortunes of a family, when her husband pulled at the other end of the rope.

I have seen a young man who despised the counsel of the wise and advice of the good, in his career in poverty and wretchedness.

I have seen a farmer too self-conceited to mend his ways and too proud to retrace his footsteps.

I have seen a man spend more in folly than could support his family in comfort and independence.

I have seen a person depart from the truth who had a candour and veracity would have served him much better purpose.

I have seen a man deliver a fine political address on a fourth of July, when his cattle were grazing his grain field.

I have seen a young man soil his reputation by a departure from principle, when all the waters of the Delaware would not wash it out.

I have seen a man engage in a law suit about a trifling affair, that cost him more in the end, than would have roofed all the buildings on his farm.

I have seen a man work by his wife instead of his hands till his farm was grown up with bushes and briars.

I have seen a person neglect to repair his fence till he had lost enough to buy three cows, and had to do it last.—76.

THE TALIPOOT TREE.—The Talipot tree is one of the most lovely productions of Ceylon.—The body of the tree is sixty or seventy feet in height, and straight as a ship's mast, without a limb or leaf until you reach the top, where is an immense tuft of fan leaves, so large when spread, each one may cover ten or twelve men. The stalk, stem, as there are no limbs, clasps the body of the tree, and inches outwards, so that the long leaf bends over in a graceful curve. This vast crown of evergreen, surrounding such a shaft, is itself very grand; but there is something still grander. In the centre of its enormous head, it blossoms, foot in height, which gradually swells and enlarges, until at length it bursts with an explosion like the sound of a cannon, and a vast conical tower fifteen or twenty feet in height, and ten or twelve in breadth, stands exposed in almost incredible magnificence. It is yellow, and formed of numberless small blossoms, so arranged on a giant stem and innumerable branches or tassels, as a gorgeous diadem on the head of the queen of the forest. The tree blossoms but once and then dies.

FEMALE RASHNESS.—A circumstance occurred at Newport (says a correspondent of a Bristol paper,) on Monday last, which shows how unbridled are the passions of some ladies when thwarted in their inclinations by their husbands. A woman by the name of Phillips, wished to attend a fashionable bazaar, given for the benefit of the new church; but her husband objected, on account of her services being required.—Hence upon which she declared, if he did not allow her to go, she would immediately chop off her finger. The threat was of course treated with contempt, but strange to say, she carried her intention into effect, and no sooner was one off than a second shared the same fate; when, with the most extraordinary perseverance, she exclaimed, "Here's to go at the hand." The hatchet, for that was the instrument used, immediately fell just below the wrist, and severed the whole of the tendons, but without injuring the bone. Mr. Harry Fry, a surgeon, was sent for, and the lady was destined to undergo a second infliction, by having both the stumps amputated, and her mutilated hand dressed. She declared in the presence of her gentleman, although she regretted the loss of her fingers, she would do the same thing again rather than any restraint should be put upon her reasonable inclinations.—*Bath (Eng.) Jour.*

MURDER.—We understand that a man by the name of BLACKSTONE, and two of his children from North Carolina, were murdered in Pickens District about ten days since. We have learned but few of the particulars, and are not sure they are correct. It is said that Blackstone and his two children were travelling in a carriage, driven by a negro boy—that they passed a toll-brige towards night and in a short time afterwards two men on horse-back enquired for him at the same bridge, and passed on. The next morning the negro re-crossed the bridge in the carriage, and was asked where the white persons were, when he answered that he was removing them to some place in the neighborhood, and had left them. In a short time the two men mentioned above passed the bridge, but in such a hurry that no question was asked them. In the course of a few hours the bodies of Mr. Blackstone and his two children were discovered, having been murdered the night previous. It was supposed that Mr. Blackstone had considerable money in his possession.

We have not been able to learn whether the murderers have been arrested or not; but they probably received an authentic statement of the horrid affair in time for our next paper.

GROVELLE MOUNTAIN.—*Greenville Mountain.*

WOMAN'S LOVE.

The Love of Woman is the greatest bliss.

The other world in misery gave to this;

For when man's sorrowing bosom is too full,

And when his once-servient friends are gone;

There lives to soothe his miseries, but one.

But she can, with a single smile, impart

Joy and contentment to his harassed heart;

And she alone, with her sweet, witching eyes,

Can turn to happiness the gloomiest hour.

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JACKSONVILLE REPUBLICAN.

Vol. II.

THE REPUBLICAN.

JACKSONVILLE, ALA. OCT. 25, 1838.

The editors of the New York Journal of commerce, a federal paper, say that recent events in Maine have caused them to reconsider the question of the North Eastern Boundary. It appears now that they wish to find a range of highlands on the western boundary of Maine, which will enable the British authorities to increase their claim and take the whole state. The recent events alluded to are the Maine elections, in which the federalists were defeated, and this acknowledgement proves that they would rather one or all of the States were again converted into British colonies than that the principles of the democratic party should prevail. What conclusive evidence this, of the patriotism of a party claiming for itself the once honored but lately discredited name of whig.

On the first page of this paper will be found a dialogue between a merchant and a farmer, in which many truths of vital interest to the people of the South are brought to light. In its present shape, however, we are of opinion that the usefulness of a numerous and highly respectable class of citizens, the merchants, is thrown rather too much in the shade. The intimate connection and mutual dependence of the mercantile and farming interests is perhaps not sufficiently studied or understood by the people at large; and for this reason one good result may at least be expected from the present controversy between the different political parties, on the subjects of banking and commerce; much useful information will be disseminated among the people, who once rightly informed will do right.

The Boston Post of a late date says the principal streets in that city have not exhibited as lively signs of trade for three years, as at the present time. This want of prosperity is a death blow to federal whiggery, which lives upon pressure and panics.

The receipts of the new crop of cotton in the New Orleans market up the 27th Sept. amounted to 3000 bales, and sold at prices ranging from 12 to 15 cents. The new crop thus far is said to be decidedly of the most beautiful quality ever brought to that market. The latest advices from Liverpool were of an encouraging character.

We learn from the Columbus (Ga.) Herald of Thursday last, that on the Monday morning previous, between the hours of 3 and 4 o'clock, the Court House in that city, and also the Clerk's offices of the Superior and Inferior Courts, were discovered to be on fire, and the buildings, together with the books, valuable papers, &c., connected with and appertaining to both Clerks' offices were totally consumed. The Clerk's offices were entirely separate from the Court House and standing some twenty yards distant on the same lot, from which circumstance no doubt remains of its being the work of an incendiary. The fall term of the Superior court was to have commenced its session on the same morning of the catastrophe, and it is supposed the incendiary fired the buildings in order to destroy the records and thereby escape a criminal or civil prosecution. But by this scoundrel act, he has doubtless caused another record to be made in a higher court, which cannot be effaced, and which will not fail to punish him even in this life.

From the same source we learn, that on the night of the fire a most brutal act of violence was committed by a negro man in that city, upon an old negro woman and her daughter, by entering the house and striking them with an axe and leaving them in a situation from which it is not expected they will recover. His object was plunder, but he missed his aim, getting only an old pocket book containing the woman's free papers.

The drought which was so severe in the middle, southern and western States, is said to have been scarcely felt in New England, and consequently both corn and wheat crops were unusually abundant in that section of the union.

Bilious fever of a very malignant character is said to prevail generally throughout the States of Missouri and Illinois.

DIED, in this place on the night of the 23d inst. JOHN McCARTNEY, aged about 81. The deceased was a worthy member of the Presbyterian Church, and had been a resident of this place near three years. He was interred on yesterday evening with Masonic honors. As the procession returned from the burying ground at the close of twilight, accompanied by solemn music, it struck us as peculiarly emblematic of the night of death following the twilight of age.

A more extended obituary, and one more calculated to do justice to the memory of a much respected citizen, will be given in our next.

Col. Wm. LINDSAY, of the U. S. Army, died at Huntsville, Ala. which he had retired some time since on account of ill health, on the 5th ult.

We understand that an old gentleman, by the name of Elezeziah Palmer, who has resided for some time about 10 or 12 miles from this place was found dead on the road this morning about one mile from town, and his horse hitched a short distance from him.

A coroner's inquest was held on the body—verdict died from the effects of intemperance.

Public Lands in Market.—The quantity of public lands now advertised for sale is estimated at over fifteen millions of acres—principally lying in Illinois, Missouri, and Wisconsin.

(From the Mobile Advertiser of Oct. 13.)

COTTON.—Arrived during the week, 800 Bales, all of which have been sold. The well known and approved marks brought 124 a 145 cents, and was purchased chiefly for manufacturers account. Fair to ordinary is held at a 12c. We learn from the interior that there is a large quantity on the banks of the river ready for the market. This article is now in demand and considerable transactions might be immediately made at fair rates if it could be brought to market. There is now only two boats running and a few barges. We cannot, therefore, expect much to be done until the river gets fully navigable and the steamboats are put in a condition to pass the inspection of the government inspectors.

Our accounts from N. York are to the 5th inst.

Mobile cotton was sold on that day at 104 a 15c

beginning of advance of 4 cent per lb. on the previous week's sales.

A few bales of the new crop were sold at

Charleston on the 7th at 13 a 14.

At New Orleans

there is a good demand, and sales at 11 a 12c

cents.

—
DURHAM CATTLE.—There have been

no sales of these valuable animals recently

in the neighbourhood of Lexington, Ky.

by Messrs. Maslin and Samuel Smith.

The

prices at which the stock was struck off

show that the demand is greater in the in-

crease.

The Lexington Intelligencer says—As ex-

amples of the estimation in which the Dur-

ham cattle are held, we will mention that at

the sale of Mr. Samuel Smith, a cow and

suckling calf sold for \$2100. Another at

\$1850; others at \$1200 & \$1000, &c.

The whole stock of Samuel Smith for between \$20-

000 and \$30,000.

—
The Journal of Commerce estimates the

receipt of the Great Western as follows:

140 passengers at 53 guineas - \$21,690

150 tons merchandise, at £3 per ton 2,160

Letters - 1,000

£27,850

A very handsome business for 16 days

running and ten days in port. The problem

of Atlantic steam navigation is solved, both

as to feasibility and profit.

The Great Western brings 6,750 letters, &

the Poland about 2,000.

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be effaced, and which will not fail to punish him

even in this life.

—
Emigration to Canada.—The number of

migrants that arrived at Quebec last year

up to the 17th of September, was £1,649.

Up to the same period this year, only

2,656 have arrived—or, 19,015 less than

last year.

—
FLOUR.—It is stated that between the 1st

of April and the 24th of September, inclusive,

there were received in the city of New

York 458,815 barrels per month.

—
Thomas Tandy, Esq., has received the ap-

pointment of Consul, from the Texian Gov-

ernment, for the port of New Orleans.

—
ELECTION RETURNS.—By yesterday

evening's mail, we received election news

from the following States:

—
GEORGIA.—In this State, says the Augus-

ta Constitutional, the State Rights ticket

for Congress is elected and there is no doubt

that the same party will have a majority in

both branches of the General Assembly, small

but enough to take the lead in all elections

by joint ballot. With regard to the great

questions which agitate at the present time

the whole country, a very large majority

composed of Union and State Rights men,

will be arrayed on the side of an independent

treasury, and against a national bank.

The candidates on the State Rights ticket, on

ly two are known to be in favor of a national

bank. Messrs. Dawson and Habersham, and

against an independent treasury.

—
MARYLAND.—The Democratic Governor

is elected by a small majority. The House of

Delegates will consist of 35 Democrats and

36 Federalists. In the Senate there are 10

Federalists and 9 Democrats.

—
PENNSYLVANIA.—We have but a few re-

turns from the primary election in this State.

They are as favourable as could be expected,

and we entertain not the least doubt of the

election of Gen. Porter, by a large major-

ity.

—
SOUTH CAROLINA.—We have received re-

turns from but two Congressional Districts

—in which the Independent Treasury ticket

has been successful. Mr. Holmes has beaten

Mr. Legare by a majority of 438, and Mr.

Rhett was elected unanimously.

Flag of the Union.

—
ORIGIN OF THE SUB-TREASURY.

There seems to be much difficulty in tra-

ining the origin of the Sub-Treasury Bill, to

its legitimate source. Some give the hono-

r of the measure to Gen. Gordon, of Virginia,

others to Mr. Benton. The following, how-

ever, contains the germ of the whole matter,

and is extracted from a letter of Thomas

Jefferson to Albert Gallatin. To the great

champion and father of Democracy then be-

longs the suggestion of this most admirable

proposition:

"But in order to be able to meet a general

combination of the banks against us, in a

critical emergency, could we not make a be-

ginning towards an independent use of our

own money, towards holding our own bank

in all the deposits where it is received, and

letting the Treasurer

